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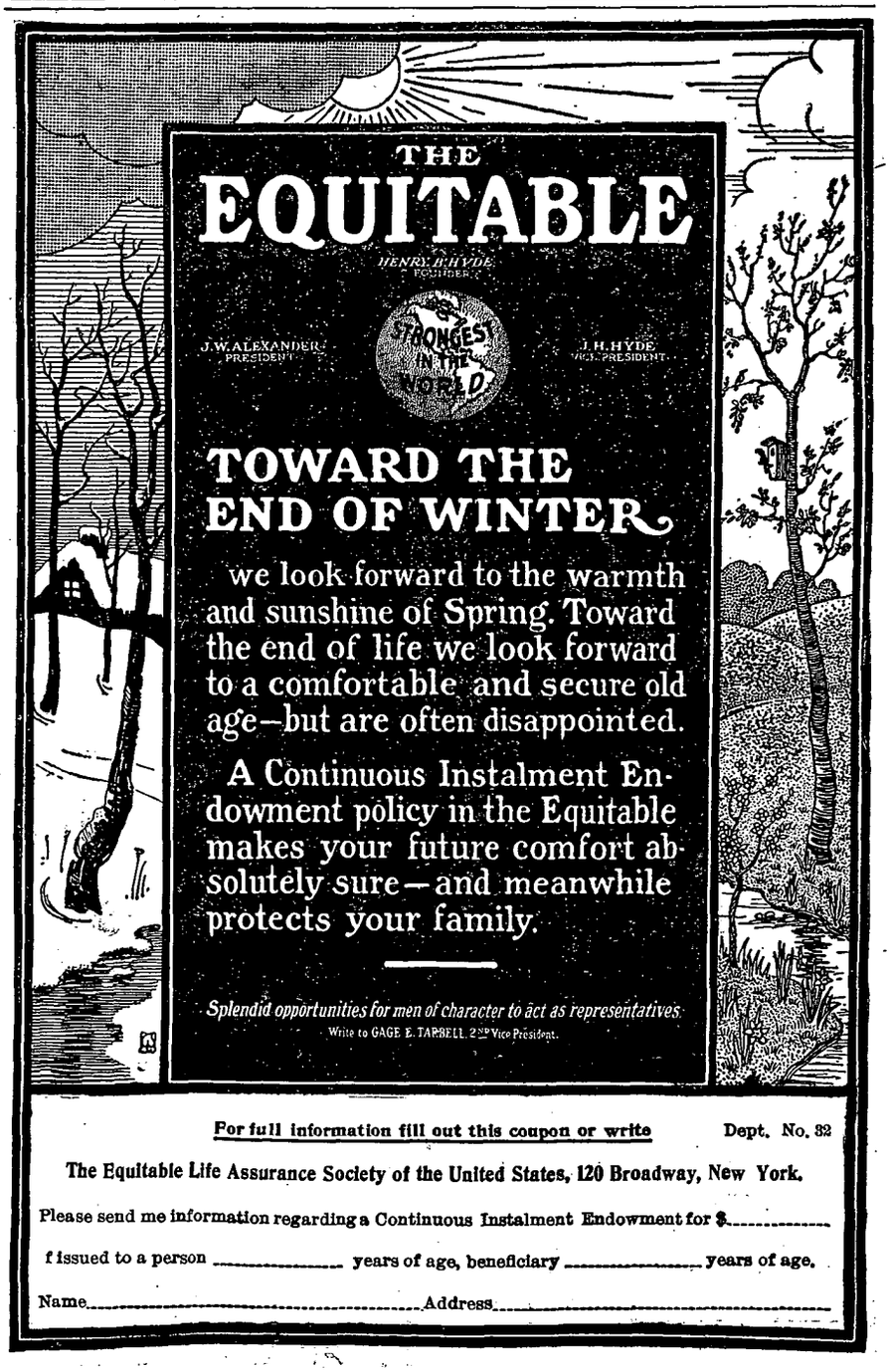
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905.

The Week.

When did the Monroe Doctrine begin forbidding us to permit European nations to collect their just dues from an American republic? Senator Platt of Connecticut takes it for granted that we are bound to refuse such permission; and then argues plaintively about the "injustice" of that position unless we proceed at once to collect and pay all those foreign claims ourselves. But who decided that we must refuse? Instead of refusing, we effusively acquiesced when Germany requested our assent two years ago in the similar case of Venezuela. What has happened to the immutable Monroe Doctrine since to work so great a change? The only answer to that question which we are likely to get is the one proffered by Prof. John B. Moore in his article in the current *Review of Reviews*. After recounting the joint intervention in the affairs of Hayti and San Domingo by England, France, and the United States in 1851, he remarks: "To-day, public opinion in the United States would be adverse to such a concert with European Powers on an American question." But where, we wonderingly ask, is the proof of that? Does any man know that, if the President had accepted, instead of declining, the invitation of European creditors to make common cause in San Domingo, "public opinion" would have condemned him? If there has been any expression of popular sentiment on that subject we should like to have some one point us to the record of it. It is certain that the Administration press would have admiringly exclaimed at the singular wisdom of Mr. Roosevelt if his decision had been precisely the opposite. An echo is not public opinion.

Secretary Hay is explicit and emphatic in assuring the Haytian Minister that this Government has no thought of annexing either Hayti or San Domingo. We have quite islands enough, thank you. Mr. Hay adds that we would not accept the two republics mentioned even if their citizens should throw themselves into our arms. This is timely and reassuring, if it speaks for the present honest intention of the Administration. The question remains, however, whether it is wise to take any step leading directly to that annexation which the Secretary asserts is contrary to both our interests and our sentiments. If we take over Dominican financial administration, is there not every likelihood that we shall find the land running with the purse? The Dominicans who want to be annexed and have done with it, might well say to Mr. Hay, with his calm proposal to assume control of their revenues:

> "You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house."

Hence we may fairly say that the Secretary's strong disclaimer of annexation is one argument more against ratifying the San Domingo treaty. The way to keep out of annexation schemes is to keep out of their beginnings.

President Roosevelt's appointment of a colored man to an important office in this city will put an end to the old Southern complaint that negroes are given Federal positions only in the former slave States. This has never really been a valid criticism, particularly since Mr. Roosevelt made Mr. W. H. Lewis, the old Harvard football player, an assistant United States District Attorney in Boston. Mr. Anderson, whose appointment as collector of internal revenue in this city is now announced, has been a loyal Republican worker and a trusty follower of the machine bosses. To that extent the appointment is open to criticism. But he is more than that, being a man of ability, of excellent education, with considerable reputation as an orator. If it is President Roosevelt's plan to reward the various elements which aided him to achieve his unprecedented victory, the negroes are certainly as much entitled to spoils as are the Irish editors who are getting consulships. But proper political recognition of their leaders will be an immense stimulus to the negroes everywhere, and an important factor in elevating them. The best way to make good citizens is to put some of the duties of citizenship upon those qualified to discharge them.

The House of Representatives has brought odium on itself by the attempted mileage grab, and all for nothing, since the Senate promptly threw out the objectionable item. But the roll-call in the House showed some interesting features. In the aye vote were 52 Republicans and 38 Democrats, which certainly leaves neither side in a position to make partisan use of the episode. There may, at the same time, be some little consolation in noting that a good majority of those members who have been re-elected, voted against the appropriation. It was, in fact, those who had failed of renomination or reëlection last fall who used their last hours of Congressional service in this mischief, and turned the scale against the self-respecting members. There were 36 men voting on this roll-call who would not reappear in the Fifty-ninth Congress, and all but seven of them voted for the mileage, Messrs. Baker and Douglas of this city being among the seven. In this whole matter it is to be remembered that the mileage was a very small matter to an Eastern Congressman, but a pretty important one to a member from any distant State. The Hawaiian delegate's mileage amounts to two-thirds of his entire salary. It is a peculiar coincidence, to say the least, that every member from the Pacific Coast States who voted at all—and only 5 out of the 13 failed to be recorded—voted in favor of the payment. Undoubtedly, it takes sterner stuff to refuse a gift of $1,200 than one of a paltry $25 or $50.

Commissioner Garfield's report that the Beef Trust has been making only about 2 per cent., and that some of the companies have temporarily operated at a loss, is naturally hailed with joy by the packers. "Here," they cry, "is proof positive that we lead the list of President Roosevelt's 'good' Trusts." On the other hand, the accounts presented by Mr. Garfield puzzle rather than enlighten the average man. The consumer who is paying such high prices for his meat, would like to know who are the expert accountants who went through the Trust books; he has a suspicion that even Government agents are not infallible. Then, too, he is well aware that bookkeeping conceals quite as often as it reveals the facts. A company may ostensibly be earning only 2 per cent., and yet high salaries, rentals paid to the inside clique, special charges for private cars, and other such operating expenses, may keep down the dividends, while the real owners of the enterprise enjoy comfortable profits. Indeed, the report admits that the annual profit on the private cars has ranged from 14 to 22 per cent. "These cruel doubts," the packers will reply, "are the fruit of ignorance." That may very well be, for men of finite intelligence are slow to grasp the great truth that the Beef Trust is a purely benevolent undertaking.

The municipal campaign in Chicago, in its first week, resulted in the practical obliteration of party lines. Both candidates for the Mayoralty, John M. Harlan, Republican, and Judge E. F. Dunne, Democratic, declare that the one overshadowing issue is the settlement of the city's traction problem. Both make an appeal for public ownership of the street railways, the difference between them being only that between a policy of restricting franchise grants with a view to ultimate municipal ownership, and a flat declaration in favor of immediate assumption of entire control

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by the city. Mr. Harlan promises to submit every ordinance proposed to a referendum before it is placed upon its final passage through the City Council. In his speech of acceptance, Judge Dunne appealed directly to the radical element: "I think it lies in the power of the city of Chicago to blaze the way among American cities for putting into actual operation the principle of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities." He pointed to the success of Chicago's municipal light plant. In effect, the campaign promises to test the relative strength, not of the Republican and Democratic parties in that city, but of conservatives and radicals.

Senator Marks's resolution for a legislative investigation of the manner in which the surplus funds of our life insurance companies are employed was to have been expected. His statement that in all reports made to the Insurance Commissioner the surplus is intermingled with the general assets of the company in such a way that no outsider can tell how it has been invested or deposited or used, is but little exaggerated. Certainly, this information is generally denied to the average policy-holder who does not take the trouble to go to Albany and inspect the detailed reports filed with the Commissioner, and Senator Marks is perfectly justified in demanding a system of accounting which will give the policy-holder a true insight into the workings of his company. We are of the opinion that suggestions of legislative action will not stop here unless there are voluntary and radical changes in the management of some of our largest companies. The Equitable scandal has clouded the prospects of every insurance corporation in this country. More than two weeks have passed since the so-called Hyde victory, and what has happened? The president and subordinate officers who denounced the vice-president and demanded his removal have not resigned, and neither has Mr. Hyde. The conditions which Mr. Alexander pictured as intolerable have obviously become more so, if this were possible. The vice-president and chief shareholder, of whom Mr. Alexander said that it was unsafe to have him in charge of the company during the president's absence, is still in position to do harm in such an eventuality. No one has denied or retracted a single allegation. The public has no intimation whether Mr. Hyde's trouble is due to his youth, his great wealth, and his propensity for self-advertisement, or to some moral failing. The doubt is as cruel to Mr. Hyde as are, to Mr. Alexander, some of the stories afloat about him. They can be ended only by a wholesale house-cleaning.

There are now two unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency who have turned to the popular periodical as a means for the political regeneration of the country. Mr. Bryan has for years been editing what is practically a country weekly of the familiar type, with political attachments. Mr. Watson now enters the field with a ten-cent monthly. The Nebraska Democrat's utterances are followed by recipes for buckwheat cakes, question-and-answer columns, and humorous anecdotes. The Georgia Populist's doctrines are in a wrapper composed of fiction and poetry by the same writers, or of the same sorts, as those found in any one of the popular magazines. It is presumably the theory of both proprietors that without these miscellaneous features the political propaganda would fail to reach its maximum efficiency. But there is room for some nice speculation on this point. Do the 10-cent magazine readers present the most hopeful field in which to sow Populistic precepts? Might not Mr. Bryan make more converts if he added a serial by a popular novelist? It is already to be accepted as a rule that politicians who may in the future need an "organ" must keep out of the way of those whose claims have been before staked out. Thus, Mr. Swallow has the choice of a heavy quarterly or a comic weekly, while Mr. Debs might choose between an "outdoor" magazine and a review of the fashions.

Sectarian schools are giving trouble in Ottawa as well as at Washington. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's bill to maintain "separate" (that is, Catholic) schools in the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, to be created out of the Northwest Territories, has already brought him the loss of one member of his Cabinet, Clifford Sifton, and has raised a great outcry in Canada. Opposition is based partly on technical grounds of law, but more upon the injustice of fettering the new provinces with a school-law which, so declares a correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* who recently visited the Territories, is distasteful to the great majority of the settlers. Without passing on the merits of the question, we think it clearly unfortunate that religious animosities such as were shown in connection with the Manitoba school dispute ten years ago, should again be aroused. The issue is obviously troubling and dividing the Liberal party, though Sir Wilfrid's position will not be seriously menaced if the Conservatives, under the lead of Mr. Borden, persist in not making the matter a party question.

Again has the Irish question troubled the repose of English politics. Mr. Balfour has been compelled to throw to the Ulster wolves Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was in some respects the most brilliant and admired man in his Cabinet. If Wyndham could not be said to be the rising hope of stern and unbending Tories—since all the latter-day Tories seem to have apology written on their faces and to possess backbones with an extra supply of vertebræ—he was at least one whose personal qualities and public abilities were of a sort to make a veritable bow of promise seem to hang above his political future. But he now joins the portentous list of Mr. Balfour's losses—Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Elliott, and now George Wyndham. The Chief Secretary's forced resignation, together with the debates and the bitter dissensions within the Conservative party leading up to it, has dealt Mr. Balfour's tottering Ministry a rude blow. It is not simply that the Premier is weakened by losing a valued colleague. The whole affair, as threshed out in the Commons, where, as Mr. Redmond truly said, the truth had to be dragged out of the Government piecemeal, has further and seriously discredited a Ministry already fallen into contempt.

Two weeks ago the row began. It centered about the Ministry's relations with Sir Antony MacDonnell, whom it had appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Antony was himself an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Liberal, who took office with the avowed purpose of trying to do something to make English rule in Ireland more tolerable. With the knowledge of the Lord Lieutenant, and, as he supposed, with the authorization of the Chief Secretary, he entered into negotiations with certain Irish landlords and Nationalists. The result was the so-called Dunraven scheme, covering, among other projects, a certain amount of "devolution of Imperial powers"—the elegant Tory phrase for Home Rule. The plans were published in the newspapers, and created no sensation. But a month later the *Times* made a violent attack upon the proposals, and upon Mr. Wyndham for tolerating them. This was followed by the whole Ulster pack in full cry. Mr. Balfour took fright, called Mr. Wyndham to book, and thereupon an official statement was made that Sir Antony MacDonnell had exceeded his powers, and that the Cabinet had rebuked him for his "indefensible" conduct. Yet his resignation was not asked for, neither did he offer it. The reason was made clear as soon as Parliament convened. Sir Antony had in his possession letters which showed that all that he had done, he had done with the consent and apparent godspeed of his official superiors. It was the production of these letters in the Irish debate in Parliament that brought on the crisis.

The German Chancellor makes no

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concealment of the fact that the new commercial treaties which he has lately concluded with Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Rumania, and Servia were drawn in the interests of the Agrarians. German industry and commerce, he explained in his speech of February 2, have progressed satisfactorily, to his mind, during the last ten years, but not so agriculture. Hence the duty of the State to come to its rescue. Speaking before the Council of the Agricultural Society a week later, he denied that the manufacturing interests would suffer, while maintaining that he had now relieved the farming interests of their worst troubles. In the main, the latter have been well pleased with their victory; even if it was not as extensive as they hoped, it at least once more establishes clearly their practical ownership of the Government. The Chancellor has had little difficulty in obtaining the Reichstag's approval for his treaties, despite the vigorous protests of the various Liberal parties, the low-tariff men, and the Social-Democrats against the greatly increased duties on grain, meat, and other foodstuffs—in some cases as high as 100 per cent. As is inevitably the case in the award of tariff favors, the spoils have gone to those who have been able to bring the greatest social and political pressure to bear. The workers in the fields are as unorganized in Germany as elsewhere, and subject to many disadvantages. Their employers still have the right to inflict corporal punishment upon them in certain portions of the Empire. Hence they must submit with a grimace to an increase of two marks per 100 kilograms on wheat, which now bears a total duty of 5.50 marks; of one mark and two-fifths on corn; or one and a half marks on rye, and of nearly three marks on flour. Let the theorists say what they will, this can only mean that the workingmen and every other class in the community must pay tribute to the land owners to the extent of millions of marks for the necessaries of life. Von Bülow was not far wrong when he assured his Agrarian hearers that "the time of your harvest has come."

Upon the United States all this has a very important bearing. Writing in the current *Atlantic*, Mr. William C. Dreher affirms that the indifference of the American Government to the serious situation which will exist after January 1, 1906, causes "much amazement" in Berlin. The German Government has not yet announced what it will do in regard to the United States. For the present, American imports will be taxed at the minimum rates of the old tariff. But, obviously, we cannot claim consideration under the "most-favored-nation" clause after the new treaties go into effect, since the seven contracting nations have made special concessions for their new rates. In the case of Cuba, England has just been unable to obtain the same rates as the United States, for precisely the same reason. A writer in the Berlin *Nation* finds the situation as dangerous for Germany as for the United States, and fears the early outbreak of a tariff war injurious to both countries. Most of our exports to Germany consist of raw materials or half-manufactured goods. In 1904 six million of dollars' worth of American wheat was consumed by Germany. There will be a rapid shrinkage in these and similar figures unless our Government bestirs itself. This gives peculiar significance to the Senate's resolution authorizing the Finance Committee to dig into the tariff during the recess.

After consulting with Francis Kossuth, Count Andrássy and other Hungarian leaders of the Opposition without being able to find a Premier, the Austrian Emperor decided to receive members of the "anti-Tisza coalition" in platoons. Sixteen of them were given audience successively at Vienna last week. Among them was Count Albert Apponyi, who had an article in the last *Monthly Review* explaining the Hungarian crisis, and confidently predicting that the Government would carry the recent election—which, of course, it utterly failed to do. Hence the present attempt to form a Ministry out of the somewhat heterogeneous Opposition. It, however, is absolutely united in standing for new measures of Hungarian autonomy, including the military demands, and at least some of these will have to be conceded if the Government is to be carried on under the forms of law. Kossuth, in an interview with the Vienna correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, after his reception by the Emperor, said that he thought matters could be "arranged"; but he meant, of course, that Francis Joseph would arrange them by making substantial concessions.

An article published in the *Century* on the Russian outlook contains an interview with M. Witte which has some pertinence in view of current events. Speaking in the week after the zemstvo conference—that is to say, at the close of last November—M. Witte reiterated his opinion set forth at the beginning of the war, regarding the grounds for expecting Russian victory:

> "I gave my opinion, officially, that if we should succeed, in the end, in defeating the Japanese, it would be by virtue of our superior finances. The Japanese cannot resist our finances. I have nothing to say of the two other factors—the army and the navy. Perhaps the Japanese can carry on the war one and a half, two—at the most two and a half-years. Considering the finances alone, we can keep it up for four years. Other factors being left out of account, the Japanese can therefore be brought to sue for peace by their financial ruin."

This view of the situation will be recognized as that which from the start has shaped the policy of financial Paris towards the Russian loans, and has largely influenced London's reception of the Japanese borrowings. On no other theory than a misgiving as to Japan's "staying power," military or financial, can the harsh terms exacted from Japan by the lending bankers for the $110,000,000 provided last year in the loans of May and November, be explained. But M. Witte's reiteration of his prophecy, under the subsequently changed conditions, is interesting.

Vacillation and the extreme of timidity mark the two documents issued by the Czar on Friday. First came his manifesto, asserting the autocratic principle with melancholy fanaticism. A statement more depressing, more inept, it would be hard to find in all the annals of royal blundering. But close upon its heels came the Czar's rescript promising the speedy institution of representative assemblies in Russia. Obviously, if Nicholas is sincere, his rescript eats up his manifesto. But he seems like a man distraught, and to be of the mind of the last counsellor who gets his ear. First we have Pobiedonostseff, summoning him to shake himself and go out like the Russian autocrats of other days. So the nerveless Czar essays that rôle. Then comes Witte, assuring him that this will never do, and urging him to listen to the appeals and rising demands of the best men in Russia. Thereupon the hapless and helpless Czar swings in that direction. The personal impression he makes throughout is that of one wholly unequal to the too vast orb of his fate. Liberty, however, thrives upon the follies and weaknesses of those who would stay its course, and from the vague and reluctant concessions which Nicholas, torn with doubts and fears, is proposing, may yet be built up a Russian Parliament. Details are still wanting. Probably the Czar and his counsellors do not themselves know exactly what they want or intend. But the thing is that the people are in the way to utter their authoritative voice. Once assembled, the spokesmen of the people cannot be silenced or dispersed. They will acquire strength as they go on. Hence we may be confident that, with whatever delays or temporary backsets, we are witnessing the passing of the old order in Russia.

We may also, but this is less certain, be witnessing the close of hostilities in the Far East as a consequence of the Titanic battle which has been raging for ten days, on the Japanese initiative, for the occupation of Mukden and the capture of Kuropatkin's army. We go to press with no satisfactory grounds for prediction one way or the other. The losses have already been enormous.

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THE REAL FACTS ABOUT ARBITRATION.

Senator Lodge's defence of the Senate as the sworn friend of arbitration leaves some holes in the ballad. His list printed in the *Congressional Record* shows that the Senate has ratified 43 arbitration treaties since the foundation of the Government, while 7 arbitrations have been effected without referring the agreements to the Senate. But this does not sustain the Senate's contention that its amendment of the treaties recently submitted to it was not a blow to the principle of international arbitration. With the latter, cases of specific arbitration for specific disputes running back as far as 1802 have really little to do.

Until within the past fifteen years, general international arbitration was hardly more than a hope, which had never been given concrete form by any action of the Government. When the Senate of Massachusetts resolved in 1832 that "some mode should be established for the amicable and final adjustment of all international disputes, instead of resort to war," it gave expression to an aspiration which, nineteen years later (1851), found expression in a resolution introduced in the United States Senate, reciting that it would be desirable for this Government "to secure in its treaties with other nations a provision for referring to the decision of umpires all future misunderstandings that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiations." True, the Senate never acted on the resolution. Two years later another resolution came before that body, and into its pigeonholes, advising the President "to secure . . . a stipulation in all treaties . . . providing for the adjustment of any misunderstanding or controversy which may arise . . . by referring the same to the decision of disinterested and impartial arbitrators." In 1872 Charles Sumner introduced resolutions recommending "the adoption of arbitration as a just and practical method for the determination of international differences, to be maintained sincerely and in good faith, so that war may cease to be regarded as a proper form of trial between nations." In 1888 Senator Sherman presented a resolution requesting the President "to invite . . . negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration and be peaceably adjusted by such means."

Plainly, all these expressions aimed at one goal—a general and permanent system of international arbitration, to be effected by general treaties, and to work as nearly as possible automatically when international disputes should arise. The public sentiment which prompted the resolutions had that object in view, and it would be absurd to maintain that it had no other purpose than to obtain piecemeal treaties to be made when each dispute arose, and halt its settlement at the doors of the Senate—to make arbitration an uncertainty in every case, since its acceptance in every case must depend upon the changing moods of a body whose actions are controlled by a hundred varying motives, many of which are wholly irrelevant to the merits of the questions actually before it. It would be still more absurd to contend that those who have been striving for many years to obtain international arbitration, have desired to secure action by which it would be impossible in the future to settle even minor difficulties as they have often been settled in the past, by arbitration mutually agreed upon without the formality of consulting the Senate. Prof. John B. Moore's standard work shows that there have been at least twelve such arbitrations, instead of the seven given in Senator Lodge's list.

What the friends of arbitration have desired was shown in the plan of arbitration recommended by the International American Conference in 1890, the first article of which provided for the adoption of "arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of differences . . . that may arise"; and the second article of which made arbitration obligatory.

The first material success crowning the movement came in 1890, when the Senate and House passed the following concurrent resolution:

> "Resolved, etc., That the President be and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any Government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably settled by such means."

In the light of this pronouncement, the position which the Senate must defend is not its attitude towards single cases of arbitration submitted to it in the past, but its attitude towards the principle of general and effective arbitration since 1890, when Congress for the first time declared for it. Because of that declaration, Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury negotiated the treaty providing for arbitration of future disputes between the United States and Great Britain, and although the enlightened public opinion of the whole English-speaking race enthusiastically favored the ratification of this measure, the Senate killed it without compassion. It is true that the Senate ratified the Hague convention, but if its recent attempt to amend the ten treaties which are now things of the past had been successful, much of the force of the Hague convention would have been lost. Resort to the peace tribunal would have been possible only after a separate treaty for each dispute had been ratified by the Senate. To say nothing of the clumsy machinery and delay entailed by this method, it would have been attended in every case by so much uncertainty in the result that the Secretary of State would have felt little enthusiasm in employing it.

Our foreign negotiations, in fact, come for review before a body of men who have no individual international accountability, and incur little individual odium when an arbitration negotiation fails. From such odium, however, the Senate as a body cannot escape by exhibiting a list showing how many times it has agreed to single arbitrations; for the important fact stands out that to the great cause of general international arbitration it has dealt a mighty blow.

ROOSEVELT ON SENATORS.

Many stories, apocryphal or well-founded, have been told of President Roosevelt's private quips and gibes at the expense of Senators, individually and collectively. It is known that his tongue runs away with him oftener than his horse; and some of his smart sayings, as well as sayings that cause others to smart, have no doubt reached august Senatorial ears. It is even said that it is partly the Senate's sense of spurned beauty which has led to its present somewhat strained relations with the Executive.

These tidbits of Washington gossip it is not for us to retail; but last week at Jefferson City, Missouri, some public testimony was given respecting the President's Senatorial standards. The Republican national committeeman from Missouri, Mr. Akins, had been at the White House sounding Mr. Roosevelt in respect to the Missouri Senatorial deadlock, and brought back positive information concerning the President's wishes. "The Administration did not want R. C. Kerens elected United States Senator," the reporter testified before the investigating committee. This was in line with evidence previously given under oath by Congressman Arthur P. Murphy of the Sixteenth District of Missouri. He said that he had been directly informed by Mr. Akins that "if any newly elected Congressman in Missouri expected to have any influence in the distribution of patronage in our districts, he must line up against R. C. Kerens." That is conclusive proof of Presidential hostility.

Nor did the President stop with his highly commendable opposition to Kerens. He proceeded, with great frankness, and in the spirit of Sainte-Beuve's remark that an example is always the best definition, to define the type of man he wanted by specifying the individual Senators whose doubles he did not desire to have undo him. "The President did not want any more like

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Elkins, Kearns of Utah, or Clark of Montana in the Senate. He was having more trouble with them now than with the rest of the Senate, and he did not want any large railroad corporation interested in a United States Senator." Thus we have, in addition to the Constitution on the qualifications of a Senator, and supplementing what Hamilton and Madison and Story wrote on that subject, the opinion of President Roosevelt on the type of man who should *not* be a Senator.

One observes at a glance that the severe application of this Presidential standard—this Roosevelt's Purge, as it might be called—would empty seats in the Senate faster than legal indictment has thus far been able to do. No railroad corporation to be "interested" in a Senator? That it would mean decimation! Off would roll the heads of both Senators from Pennsylvania and both from New Jersey, while "the frost that binds so dear a head" as that of the junior Senator from New York would soon be a subject of lamentation by our Shelleys of politics. Aldrich, too, would never come back from Europe; and as for the whole row of railroad Senators from the Northwest, they would speedily become extinct volcanoes. Kearns is to leave the Senate on account of lack of appreciation at home; Clark is a Democrat (or says he is), and may safely be held up as a horrible example; but Elkins, the Senator who has oftenest taken sweet counsel with the President on railway regulation—who gave his name to the compromise legislation with which Mr. Roosevelt was so pleased two years ago—who has served so often as prime illustration of the President's tact and skill in making even wicked Senators further the public good—what did Elkins think when he found his name leading all the rest in President Roosevelt's Index Expurgatorius?

Some may object that the President's scruples wear a belated air. It may be said that his deeds have not squared with his words—not even his words at one time with those at another. The author of the effusive telegram about his "loyal friend" Quay must look odd drawing the line at any sort of political roguery. For that matter, the President's comically premature letter of congratulation to Niedringhaus, on the supposed certainty of his election as Senator from Missouri, can but impair the force of anything he may say about elevation and purity of character in the Senate. To felicitate one of the most brazenly mercenary figures that have appeared in our politics, was a bad preparation for protesting against Kerens, Elkins, or anybody else. Of countenance given to an Addicks, we need say nothing.

Yet we would not rob Mr. Roosevelt of a particle of the credit which he deserves for lifting up his voice in behalf of an abler and better Senate. It is not merely that its present composition gives the President "trouble," it gives us all trouble; hinders the dispatch of the public business; sets a bad example to aspiring young men; reverses our political tradition. The steady increase in the number of rich nobodies in the Senate points to and is a product of the decay of our old ideals, and the beginnings at least of political rottenness. It is one thing to say that the Senate ought adequately to represent and safeguard property, but another to have it come about that itself should be a form of property. We may agree with Story that Senators should be "beyond the reach of the sudden impulses of domestic factions"; but that is not to approve the type of Senators whom none but their owners, the great corporations, can "reach" at all. We know that Senators of the older sort look with apprehension upon their invasion by men who bear, not a brain, but a purse. It throws too great a burden upon the diminishing number of members who are competent; it lessens the respect due to the office of Senator. How can you respect a man whose credentials as Senator are in the form of a certified check? The President is right. The Senate needs an infusion of men instead of moneybags. And if we can now and then send a man there whose speech, not his plate, shall be golden; who is able to give the signal to parties, and watchwords to debate; who will be a model and inspiration to generous youth by showing how far character and unbought abilities may still go in this country, we shall be helping to save an institution now obviously threatened with an embarrassment of rich men in corporation leading-strings.

MRS. STANFORD AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The death of Mrs. Leland Stanford will not, according to the statement of President David Starr Jordan, immediately affect the fortunes or policy of the University. The affairs of the institution, he adds, have for some time been managed by a board of trustees who are in entire sympathy with Mrs. Stanford's wishes. Without questioning the accuracy of President Jordan's utterance, we may note that the University has reached a stage where certain changes are inevitable; and the death of Mrs. Stanford, if it does not hasten, will at least not check them. Senator and Mrs. Stanford were ambitious to found one of the greatest universities in the world, and they have already succeeded in making it the richest in America. But the trustees cannot carry out the noble purpose of the founders without exercising large discretion. The knowledge and the experience which must guide them in 1910 and 1950, are obviously not the wisdom and experience upon which Senator Stanford could act in 1890 or Mrs. Stanford in 1900 and 1905. This fact she herself recognized in the broad terms of her gift.

In the moment of her tragic death people naturally recall her passionate interest in this University, and the devotion and self-sacrifice by which she sustained it in the perilous crisis while the Stanford estate was in litigation. Both she and her husband had limited advantages in youth, but upon their only son they showered those opportunities the lack of which they themselves felt so keenly. When this attractive and promising lad died at the age of seventeen, his disconsolate parents resolved to bestow freely upon the children of the State where they had gained their wealth, and upon others as well, that higher education which they had planned for their own son. This was the spirit in which the first stone was laid at Palo Alto. At the death of Senator Stanford in 1893 his estate was tied up by litigation, and the University fell upon evil days. The hard times made the raising of money upon any terms difficult. Mrs. Stanford received from the court an allowance of $10,000 a month for personal expenses—a modest sum for the style of living to which she was accustomed. She said, however, that she had known poverty, and that she would live on $100 a month in a room or two of one of her mansions, and give the rest of the money to the University. Her fine example inspired president, professors, and students. The teachers accepted heavy cuts in their salaries; all running expenses were reduced to a minimum, and the University —in spite of gloomy predictions—kept open. It was not until the suits were decided in favor of the Stanford estate and the financial stress was over, that the University encountered its worst troubles.

Deeply concerned as Mrs. Stanford was in the welfare of the University, she watched closely the details of administration. In theory she well understood the danger of meddling, and doubtless she earnestly tried to keep well within her legitimate sphere. But when, in 1900, Prof. E. A. Ross of the department of sociology was guilty of believing in free silver, she had not sufficient breadth of view and patience to tolerate him. The case was complicated by the fact that his views on Chinese immigration were diametrically opposed to those of the late Senator Stanford, whom she had almost canonized; and doubtless Professor Ross exhibited other traits which led her to put a low estimate on his attainments and character. At any rate, she failed—and the failure was perhaps natural—to understand that, in a university devoted to the free inquiry after truth, certain unorthodoxies of opinion, perhaps even vagaries, must temporarily be endured. She may have felt too old to wait the certain de-

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feat of error in the course of a few decades. Thus it came about that Professor Ross was dismissed. Several of his colleagues took up the fight in his behalf and within a year followed him out. Others have since left, as opportunity has offered, and the Faculty has never recovered its prestige.

The attitude of President Jordan in this emergency has been sharply criticised. His motives were clear enough. He felt that Mrs. Stanford had done everything for the University, and that he should accede to her wishes in every way possible. He is not a man who lacks courage, as is proved by his bold advocacy of anti-imperialism in the teeth of public sentiment on the Pacific Coast. Yet he consented to the dismissal of a man whom he had described as a good teacher; for the sake of holding the University together, as he believed, he sacrificed an important principle. Some of his warmest admirers admit that in that difficult situation he blundered, and, perhaps through a feeling of chivalry towards Mrs. Stanford, allowed himself to be driven into an untenable position. However that may be, his own large view and his generosity of temper, combined with other high intellectual and moral qualities, have won back respect and even affection from men who were once hostile. He seems now secure in the confidence of the community.

In the last few years an undue proportion of the income of Stanford has been spent on building. Mrs. Stanford was anxious to see with her own eyes the outward and visible form of the university she was creating. Therefore she pushed the construction of laboratories and halls beyond immediate necessities, and cared less for strengthening the Faculty. But the work in brick and mortar is now nearly done; and, had she lived, President Jordan would soon have had more money for vital needs. He can now offer high salaries to the best teachers in the world, and he can assure them that Stanford will be second to none in standing for intellectual freedom. The people of the Pacific Coast have in some respects higher ideals of education than those of the Middle West. The Californians are planning magnificently for the State University at Berkeley. They already see that the two institutions, no matter how large the resources of each, can supplement and help each other both by coöperation and by wholesome rivalry. They are aware that years as well as money go into the making of a school. They have the money, and they have eternity.

AN EDUCATIONAL ENTENTE.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin announces officially that graduate work done in any one of the fifteen institutions comprised within the Association of American Universities shall henceforth be accepted as equivalent to work achieved in residence at a German university. The only restriction made upon candidacy for the degree of doctor of philosophy is that at least three semesters shall be kept in actual residence at a German university; the remainder of the normal period of three years, or six semesters, however, may be taken in one or more of the American universities specified.

This action, it need scarcely be pointed out, is not only a singularly definite recognition from a conservative source of the worth of graduate instruction in our universities, but is also important for its bearings on the higher education in both countries. Henceforth, for instance, the German student of sociology and economics who is desirous of hearing American authorities on these subjects, and of observing American conditions upon the spot, can matriculate at an American university for a longer or a shorter period, as he may choose, without loss of academic status at home. With the continually increasing interest in matters American in Germany, it is probable that students who later on are to enter the public service, or are destined to fill professorial chairs in gymnasium or university, will be eager to avail themselves of so excellent an opportunity to acquire an expert knowledge hitherto obtained only at considerable inconvenience. The presence of German students of this kind in our lecture rooms would have, too, in conceivable cases, a tonic effect which surely would not be detrimental to the quality of our graduate courses.

For the American student the advantages accruing through the new arrangement are not particularly new; most of them he has had, to all intents and purposes, before. The gain in this direction is rather to the cause of graduate instruction in America than to the individual American student on his *Wanderjahr*. A concomitant action of the Berlin faculty is that the bachelor's degree of any American institution will hereafter be accepted at matriculation as equivalent to the *testimonium maturitatis* of the gymnasium or the Oberrealschule. Although this is a sweeping and somewhat uncritical action—since the greater universities in America by no means accept the bachelor's degree of all American colleges as the unquestioned basis for matriculation for the higher degrees—it is in the right direction. At the present time, in many German universities, it is perfectly possible for an American to matriculate on so unacademic a certificate as his passport, or even on no certificate at all, and thus to become a qualified candidate for the doctor's degree without having had any previous academic training whatever. This latitude has, it is needless to say, worked against high standards in American institutions, by making it possible for a student readily to secure abroad a standing denied him at home. What has probably not been suspected in Germany itself, but is none the less true, is that such laxness has tended steadily to depreciate the value of the German doctorate in America. That degree is felt, in our academic circles at least, to demand a careful scrutiny as to its inherent value in every individual case. Thus this reform of the procedure of matriculation at Berlin at once brings it conveniently into line with our American practice, and tends to rehabilitate the German doctorate as an article of exportation.

The establishment of a minimum period of three semesters of actual residence in Germany safeguards the degree from the German point of view, but it is at the same time a certain concession to the intending doctor, since, although it has been nominally possible for the American student to complete requirements for the degree at the end of that period of study in most universities, the actual promotion has often been grudgingly conceded.

In connection with the recent suggestion by the German Emperor that a system of interchange be set up between the members of the corps of instruction of the German and the American universities, this even more definite action of the greatest of the German universities in the direction of educational reciprocity is significant of an old order changing. The dictatorship in education, so long assumed, and rightly assumed, to be held by Germany, has at last made way for a still broader and more liberal construction of that *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* which has made German university instruction an ideal for the world. That this *entente cordiale* has proceeded in our particular direction and on German initiative is proof positive, so far as expert opinion can give it, that the storm and stress which has evolved in the last two decades a real university system in America out of the chaos that preceded it, has not been in vain. What the University of Berlin has thus begun, it should not be difficult for the other German universities in their turn to carry out. The new system of international interchange, as well of the student who teaches as of the student who is taught, will, when properly adjusted, not only add in its way a new element of value to academic education, both here and yonder, but will inevitably prove a long step toward that unification of the highest education which, whatever its environment and however different its details, should make it essentially the same in spirit and effect in all the progressive nations.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADMIRATION.

Many an artist who has noticed the excited state of the public mind about

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a certain statue of Aphrodite now on exhibition in this city—who has, perhaps, seen the throng of hushed worshippers at her shrine and heard their whispered awe and delight—must have wondered what would be the fate of this same figure if, without its stains and breaks, it were exhibited at the Academy or the Society of American Artists as the work of Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Perhaps he can see no great artistic merit in the statue himself, and declines, as most artists do, to interest himself greatly in the question whether or not it is "an antique," knowing that there are bad antiques as well as good ones, and that a weak imitation of a great original is no better for being two thousand years old. Even though it be as lacking in exquisiteness as he finds it, it has yet, certainly, some degree of beauty—the degree of beauty, if no more, that is inseparable from anything approaching a competent copy, ancient or modern, of a noble and accepted type. The question is, whether the people who are daily in ecstasies before it are admiring the beauty which is really there or that which they think must be there. Here is what our artist's trained sense of quality, which admits of no argument or explanation, pronounces at once an inferior variant of the Venus de' Medici, itself a reflective work of a poor and late time; yet because its owner, backed by the critic of an influential journal, dares to pronounce the name of Praxiteles, travelled men and women who have beheld the Medici herself without a thrill, are filled with æsthetic emotion; and art students who have considered the Ilissus and the Hermes tiresome things that must be drawn before one can get at the life, are beset with anxious questionings.

The little gallery of a New York club is changed, for the time, into something like the Sistine room at Dresden by a public that would hardly glance in passing at the finest of modern statues, while it hurried on to admire a landscape or a portrait by Sargent. Suppose, even, that this figure were by Praxiteles, and as much finer than any of the countless Greek figures of its type as it should be, being the original of them all, would a public profoundly ignorant of sculpture really care for it? How many people spend much time over the casts in the Metropolitan Museum? Or, granting the advantage of marble over plaster in sensuousness of surface, how many people, even when professedly travelling for culture, spend much time in the sculpture rooms of the British Museum or the Louvre? And would not a public capable of any real enjoyment of the beauty of workmanship of a Praxiteles find something also to enjoy, though not so highly, in the best modern work?

Our artist would be likely enough to conclude that the enthusiasm he hears expressed is mere pretence, and altogether assumed; but probably he would be wrong. Doubtless there are some who know, vaguely, that Praxiteles was a very great sculptor, and who think that if this should really be his work, it would be unpardonable not to have admired it. There may be others who think everything Greek equally admirable, having no conception that there were variations in style and value in the work of six or eight centuries; and these, too, may think it a duty to express admiration, whether or not they feel it. But it is probable that few are conscious hypocrites; the most are influenced by external pressure, and really think they feel the raptures they express. It is hard for the best of us, even those who have some actual knowledge as a basis of independent opinion, to react against authority and to protest boldly that an admired work is but mediocre. The world is full of proclaimed masterpieces which hold their rank partly because no one is strong enough to resist the universal affirmation of their merit. We are all a part of the crowd, and it was only the child, in the old story, who saw that the King had nothing on. With most of us it is merely a question of the weight of authority which is needed to overthrow our private judgment. If we are modest, doubtful of ourselves, willing to admire and glad to find that we can, the authority need not be great. We are open to suggestion, and almost any one may make the needful passes. Also, we affect each other, and each admires, quite genuinely, because the others do.

Does any one suppose that many of the visitors to the Dresden Gallery appreciate the higher qualities of the Sistine Madonna? But they are in a receptive condition: they wish to admire, and the admiration comes. And when one is in this state of mind there is always something in a work of art that one can thoroughly like and be truly interested in, whether the work of art be a masterpiece or a very ordinary thing. One may, perhaps, be interested in what a picture represents rather than in what it is, and care to think that it is a portrait of Beatrice Cenci, attributing to the artist the emotions roused by a contemplation of the subject. Portrait shows are always entertaining; and though the average New Yorker may know little of Phryne, he knows that she was, somehow, a celebrated person, and the fact that a statue is called her likeness gives it for him a human interest that he can hardly be blamed for confusing with its artistic interest. One may, in the case of the Sistine, know nothing of masterful composition or purity of line, yet be sensible of well-cut features and a sweet expression. One may, in the case of the Aphrodite, catch the far-away echo of Greek beauty, and perceive a graceful figure and a prettiness of type not very different from that common to the cheaper forms of art in all ages. One has been made to look, one finds something—no matter what—that one can like, and one goes away rejoicing. One has "acquired merit," and the process has not been disagreeable. One has really liked something that it is proper to like, and feels a satisfying glow of virtue.

If the statue were by Brown or Jones or Robinson, it is probable that we should not look. There are many statues, and we cannot give them all the attention necessary to discover in them even such elements of attractiveness as we are capable of appreciating. That we do not look, does not prove that the beauty is not there, or that we are insincere in our praise of the beauty we have been made to look at. Let some one who has the ear of the public—some one whose authority it is inclined to accept—proclaim loudly enough that Brown, Jones, or Robinson is the greatest sculptor of all time, and that his Aphrodite is an immortal masterpiece, and we shall all look, we shall all see, and we shall all feel that we have become capable of appreciating the highest beauties of art. It is for this reason that an artist usually succeeds in commanding the attention and the praise of the public only when his work has ceased to be what it once was, and that we hail in the works of his old age the merit which we ignored when he possessed it.

A MUSICAL CENTENARIAN.

On the seventeenth of this month London expects to witness a unique ceremony. The musical and medical world will then unite in celebrating the one-hundredth birthday of Manuel Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope, the son of a famous tenor, the brother of two of the greatest singers of all time—Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot—the teacher of Jenny Lind, and one of the greatest experts in the art of song known to the history of music; altogether, perhaps, with the exception of Sarasate, the most important musical genius Spain has yet given birth to. As a matter of course, the Spanish Ambassador will attend to congratulate the illustrious centenarian in the name of the Government of his native country. Addresses will be presented by delegates of German, French, Dutch, Belgian, American, Australian—even Japanese—laryngological societies, by musical societies, by old pupils of Garcia, and by the Royal Society, before which he read his paper, entitled "Physiological Observations on the Human Voice," just fifty years ago. The meeting is to conclude with the presentation to Mr. Garcia of his portrait painted by Mr. John Sargent, and in the evening there will be a

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dinner at which a speech is expected from the centenarian, who is still fairly vigorous in body, while his mental powers are said to be absolutely undimmed by age.

Some surprise may be felt that the congratulatory meeting should be held in a medical instead of a musical building—the rooms of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society; but there is a reason for this. However much Garcia may have done for the tone art in training pupils, his discovery of the laryngoscope did infinitely more for the healing art by creating an entirely new branch of it, immensely facilitating the diagnosis and cure of throat troubles by enabling physicians to look down into the windpipe. It was a mere accident that led to Garcia's discovery—his finding, in the shop of a Parisian instrument-maker, a little mirror attached to a long stick, with which it occurred to him to try to see his vocal cords in action with the aid of a ray of sunlight. This led him to endeavor to place the art of voice-building on a scientific, physiological basis, to explain tone-formation, registers, and tone colors, or modulations of the voice. His first communication of his ideas to the world, in the lecture before the Royal Society already referred to, attracted little attention; and it was not until the quarrel of Türck and Czermak, some years later, regarding the invention of the laryngoscope, attracted general attention to the subject, that the real inventor was brought to the fore. In 1861 the Paris Academy of Science divided the Monthyon prize between Türck and Czermak; but the impending festivities in London indicate that the laryngologists the world over now know to whom honor is due, and are eager to shake hands with the creator of their science.

Garcia himself, in later years, abandoned the idea that laryngology, with its anatomical and physiological details, was of much use as a basis for the science of voice building. He fell back on the ear as the controlling factor, and followed the maxim that the secret of learning to sing lies in having a good example and trying to imitate it. He himself was a tenor of some note in his youth. He was taken to America at twenty by his father, who brought over a sort of family opera company, with which he succeeded, in a few years, in accumulating a fortune of $30,000. But on the way home from Mexico the party was stopped by brigands, who not only took all his gains from Garcia, but added insult to injury by making him sing for them. Subsequently, the son conceived an aversion to stage life, and for some years served on shipboard as a common sailor. Then he began his life work as teacher, first in Paris, afterwards in London, where he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music. He continued to teach regularly until a few years ago; indeed, it is said that even now he gives an occasional lesson at his villa in Cricklewood.

If Manuel Garcia is given to musing, he must often think of the changes that have taken place in the musical world during the hundred years of his life. When he was born, Haydn was still four years from the end of his life, and Beethoven had written but three of his nine symphonies. Had Schubert lived as long as Garcia has, he would have died but eight years ago instead of seventy-seven. Wagner was born eight years after Garcia, lived to within a few months of seventy years, and died twenty-two years ago, while Garcia lives on! Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Franz, Brahms, Rubinstein, and many other eminent musicians, most of whom reached what is usually considered a good old age, had not yet seen the light when Garcia was born. Of all the branches of music, the oratorio alone had reached its highest development before his birth. The symphony, the pianoforte piece, chamber music, the opera, and the art song, were all destined to come to maturity in his lifetime. Particularly great has been the progress, during Garcia's century, in the realm of song with which he himself has been so closely associated. Although Hadyn, Mozart, and Gluck had written a few pretty *Lieder*, the art song, as a form of equal importance with the other branches of music, remained to be created by Schubert. In the opera, more weighty things had been done, especially by Mozart and Gluck. Beethoven's "Fidelio" was born in the same year as Garcia, and he was eighteen when Weber's "Euryanthe" was launched—the forerunner of Wagner's operas, the first performance of all of which Garcia might have attended. But it is more startling to recall the fact that he might have done the same with all the operas of Rossini, who was born only thirteen years before him.

With the exception of the Bachs, who were noted musicians for six generations, and the Viennese branch of the Strauss dynasty, there is perhaps no musical family that affords a more interesting illustration of heredity in a special talent than the Garcias. The elder Garcia, who was born in 1775, was not only a great tenor and teacher, but a prolific composer of operas. His two famous daughters also became composer, as well as singers. Mme. Viardot (who is still living) was so lucky as to be able to base her operettas on librettos written by Turgeneff. Liszt said of her that "in all that concerns method and execution, feeling and expression, it would be hard to find a name worthy to be mentioned with that of Malibran's sister," and Wagner was amazed and delighted when she sang the Isolde music in a whole act of his "Tristan" at sight. The other sister, Mme. Malibran, belonged to an earlier phase of the era of song. While a first-rate vocalist, she indulged in practices—such as "improvising passages of strange audacity upon the stage"—which are not countenanced by modern taste.

EL TRIBUNAL DE AGUAS.—II.

But let us attend an ordinary session. At half-past eleven on Thursday morning (June 9), the immediate neighborhood of the ornate Puerta de los Apostoles—one of the three entrances to the Cathedral of Valencia—shows signs of more than usual animation in a rapidly gathering crowd made up of peasants in homely garb, townspeople of the middle class, numerous *badauds*, and only three foreign tourists. Thursday, we are told, is the old Moorish market-day, and has been devoted ever since the original foundation of the court by an early Moorish ruler to the regulating of these irrigation cases; nominally, the hour is eleven. On one side of the portal, a singularly incongruous modern sofa, straightbacked, with gaudy brocatelle covering, is intended to serve as the bench from which the decisions are given. A small semicircular enclosure, made with a light movable iron railing, prevents outsiders from crowding in on the trial. As we approach, some one says, "Extranjeros!" upon which a lane is immediately formed in order to allow the foreigners to take a front place, leaning on the balustrade; while, as I begin jotting down a few notes, another says, "Publicista!" when at once the peasant next me offers to explain or translate. "For," he adds, "most of the proceedings are in Valencian dialect, and the Señor probably understands only Castilian." It is always thus in Southern Spain when one has to do with ordinary unofficial persons; there is not only a charming readiness in answering questions, but a large-hearted spontaneity in offering practical assistance of the most useful kind—as indeed it turned out to be on this occasion.

At this time of day, the space in front of the church door is in shadow, permitting the crowd to wait patiently for the appearance of the judges, and to discuss freely the probable decisions, since all the peasants present know the circumstances of each case and are familiar with the elementary procedure of the popular court. Punctually as the Miguelete-tower strikes the minute with its booming bell, five men suddenly appear and take their places silently on the sofa. All are clad in Sunday black, clean, dignified, but without the least appearance of self-consciousness or pompous authority; they are all there for the settling of practical business claims, and, while conforming to convention or custom, have no idea of exalting their office or playing a set part. This, by the way, is another feature of Spanish social life in this region—the entire absence of pose, so long as the onlooker offers no challenge to the status, the character, or the efficiency of the person attending to a specific charge.

Here, then, are these five; and contrasting types they are. Three of them are but simple peasants of the most ordinary sort, *ouvriers endimanchés*, whose function subsequently appears to be to give assent to the

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judgments pronounced. In the middle, however, sits a splendid old patriarch, with a long white beard, upper lip shaven like a New England farmer; and from his quiet gray eye there shines a glance of shrewdness, experience, and genially tolerant charity—a judicial type, if ever there was one; the kind you will meet by scores, if you have the enterprise to tramp it about the exhuberant plantations that encircle Valencia. But this tribunal has its active spirit also, the Regidor de Justicia, chosen by the bench to preside and take the lead in the ensuing discussions; and he is by far the most striking type of them all—a clean-built, broad-shouldered, short-necked man, whose square head, with its grizzled, close-cropped hair, and eager face seamed with many wrinkles, reminds one of the busts marked "B. C., Roman," in the sculpture galleries of European towns. It is, indeed, the very face of a Roman senator, suggestive not only of wise strength, but also of that persistence of racial type which any observer of his fellows can perceive all along this coast. We must understand that these men, selected from the farmers and water-managers of the huerta by a sort of *co-optatio* principle, serve for a fixed period (from six months to a year, I was told) without any emolument whatever, their honesty guaranteed by a union of principle with prudence; for, while the fundamental probity of the Spanish peasant in the simple relations of life is beyond question, the fact that each judge may at some other time be himself a seeker after justice confirms the disposition to give equitable decisions. From these findings there is absolutely no appeal; no court, no institution, no individual, can constitutionally claim the right even to examine the grounds of the conclusions arrived at. If, then, as all the bystanders assured me, isolated complaints are virtually unknown, what a testimony we have here to the continuance of the tradition of fairness which has preserved to this court its rude simplicity, its expeditiousness, and its popular support.

No ceremonial opens the proceedings. A sort of crier (not in uniform) calls the first case. Two peasants, of the kind who inhabit the thatched and whitewashed *barracas* of the huerta, step forward. One is waved to one side, while his opponent, in the fewest possible words, sets forth his grievance, with the interruption of a few pointed questions thrown in, here and there, in the same low undertone as that imposed by the court on the pleading peasant. Needless to add, that every one inside the railing is bareheaded, and the most complete silence prevails in the listening crowd. In five minutes the tale is over. After a joining of judicial heads, the opposing party is called upon for his story. Judgment (after a short whispered colloquy): "You are both equally in the wrong, according to your own showing. Have you any witnesses? No? Then you simply go back to your fields and your work, and be careful to observe the laws and customs of the water-system. Call the next case."

Here, the decision is not quite so simple, for another Latin disputant is at loggerheads with the one whom I have called a "Roman senator." It is difficult at first to make out whether this is really a case of hardship and grievance, or merely a trial of wits; the interchange of rapid sentences becomes more animated, until the fox-pleader, who has virtually ignored all the bench but the persistent Regidor, begins to speak in louder tones, to cast slurs on his opponent, almost to beard the judges. Discipline is absolute. One and all the judges unite in waving hushing hands and enjoining decorum on the complainant, who is forced to obey. Were he to persist in loud language, he would be fined; and further shortcoming would involve his immediate dismissal, judgment against him, and deprivation of water-rights for a term within the discretion of the court. My amiable neighbor informs me that the difficulty has arisen from the absence of an important witness. The excited litigant objects to the necessary week's delay, and has urged that the unscrupulous opponent will have full seven days more for misuse of privileges and inflicting damage. It is for this aspersion on his fellow-laborer's character that he has been called to order. The case is remanded for a week.

A third (the last) dispute is settled in most summary fashion. Scarcely has one of the peasants spoken for two minutes when a glance and nod among the judges declare that, unless testimony to the contrary be forthcoming, right is on his side; and as the somewhat shame-faced responder can offer neither denial nor contradicting witness, he is dismissed with a word of sensible warning. *La séance est levée*—after less than three-quarters of an hour! And the most remarkable part of it all is that one hears no grumbling, no biting comment, no hint of favoritism, no aspersion of character or capacity. Indeed, in the first and the last case, the contestants have gone off together to the nearest café, where I find them half an hour afterwards apparently on no hostile terms. What a moral lesson! No wonder that this "Court of Waters" retains its popularity. These Spanish peasants are neither specially litigious, nor specially fond of tricking one another, but the extremely hard conditions of their toiling lives render them willing enough to take advantage of unobserved favorable situations in the daily relations of economic existence.

Let me cite a corroborative instance. Last year (1903) in Valencia witnessed an unusual scene—the universal strike of the revenue officers who collect the provision duties (*octroi*) at the gates of the city. The suspension of duty lasted only about twenty-four hours, during which all the entrances to the city remained unguarded and open, the municipal authorities not venturing to shut the gates for fear of a general riot among the poor of the town. The result was that in that interval the surrounding peasants, who had got wind of the situation, provisioned the city with duty-free eatables enough for a several months' siege To judge from an account given me by a foreign resident, it might have been thought that all the live stock of the kingdom of Valencia had been sacrificed to that unique opportunity of turning a centimo at the expense of the civic government, so crowded were all the roads with vehicles of every kind, with rows or processions of neat-cattle, sheep, and pigs. Country carts were piled high with butcher's meat, and all about were cooked fowls, cheeses, vegetables—even sausages. During the whole of that time not a single tram-car was conveniently available for town passengers, under the constant siege of country women and baskets.

It is this readiness to seize upon an apparent momentary opportunity or advantage that renders necessary some strong and clearly defined power to regulate the constantly recurring complications of a system which distributes fertility over a vast area and involves the livelihood of thousands of peasants. Hence the finality of the decisions. But there is more; not a single *peseta* is paid by any postulant under any pretext whatever, and this, besides another peculiarity presently to be mentioned, gives this court its principal distinguishing characteristic. One is reminded, by contrast, of the cynical remark of the retired judge in Octave Mirbeau's 'La Robe Rouge': "Oui, la justice est gratuite; ce sont les moyens d'y arriver qui coûtent cher." Here, even to the supplying of the gaudy sofa (provided by ancestral arrangement with the chapter of the cathedral), there is not a single item of expense incurred in connection with any single case, save that complainant and respondent are bound to transport themselves at their own cost to the scene of trial.

But there is another conspicuously absent element in this most interesting of tribunals. A hundred paces away is the Audiencia, or Hall of Justice, of Valencia; indeed, from its windows one might easily look down on the proceedings of the peasant-judges; yet no lawyer in any capacity is ever known to take the slightest interest in discussions among the fundamental conditions of which is the unyielding principle that every litigant shall be his own counsel. I was informed that prior consultation with a man of law is a practice unknown, for the plain reason that irrigation-laws and customs are not recorded in official law books, but in the memory of every peasant from the time he begins, as a boy, to play about the small canals of the homestead. What little procedure is called for has been handed down by simple word of mouth from one set of judges to another; and, seeing that there are no papers of any sort, the inartistic, yet costly, law stamp can find no corner to adhere to. Again and again have the juridical powers of the district vainly attempted to obtain control of what could undoubtedly be turned into a field rich in fat fees.

Not the least interesting incident of this episode of travel was the chat and interchange of impressions with two chance travellers, urged by the same curiosity as myself. One of them, a retired American general, of the broadest liberal school in politics, shared likewise the feeling that talk of "lesser breeds" and "dying nations," which glides so easily out of the ever-open mouth of more than one expansionist, is the veriest vaporing in presence of a hard fact symbolizing the forethought, the wisdom, and the hereditary discipline of a splendid race. With the other interlocutor—a Madrileño, but closely related to Eleuterio Maisonnaave, the famous reforming politician of Catalonia—enthusiasm took on a more exuberantly eloquent character. The unrepentant liberal cordially thanked the stranger for an elementary openmindedness which, it would seem, the Spaniard does not usually expect to find in the for-

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eigner who visits Iberian shores. Nevertheless, it seems but natural to be stirred by the spectacle of these simple, unassuming yeomen and peasants, who for centuries have followed the memorable maxim: "One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples." P. T. L.

Correspondence.

OUR ART MUSEUMS AND THE INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been recently called to a London letter in your issue of January 26, on "The International Society in London," in which the writer expresses his amazement at the lack of appreciation of American Museums as shown in their failure to secure certain works for their permanent collection.

A mild protest and an explanation may be opportune. It was not lack of appreciation, nor ignorance of the benefits to be derived from such a splendid collection as the drawings of Vierge, that prevented their acquisition somewhere on their journeys through American "towns." The absurd price placed upon the works of Vierge in particular and the entire collection in general was absolutely prohibitive. No one could possibly be induced to pay the prices asked for even less important works than those of Vierge. The American museums are, as a rule, not to be deterred from acquiring objects by the price asked; but in the case of the works which made up the International collection, it was simply out of the question to even think of purchasing them. That, and not lack of knowledge or appreciation, was the reason why there were no purchases for at least *one* American Museum.

As to the selection of work to represent American artists, it was most unfair and one-sided. The selections were made from a favored circle, and others, outside the pale, were ignored. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the American showing should be "feeble and devoid of results."—Very truly yours, E. H. W.

ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS,
March 1, 1905.

THE VIGILANT BAEDEKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer on "El Tribunal de Aguas" in the *Nation* for March 2 states that "no familiar work of Spanish travel (not even Ford) devotes a single paragraph to this example of popular wisdom and forethought." In view of this statement it should, I think, be noted that Baedeker gives a succinct but adequate account of the *Tribunal de Aguas* or *de los Acequieros*, also called *La Corte de la Seo*, in his 'Handbook to Spain and Portugal' (2d ed., p. 308).

Yours, etc., JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 5, 1905.

Notes.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will shortly publish 'The Opening of Tibet,' by Perceval Landon; 'Life of James Watt,' by Andrew Carnegie; 'Chopin,' by G. C. Ashton-Johnson; and 'How to Keep Bees,' by Anna S. Comstock. They report forthcoming Chinese and Russian editions of Booker Washington's 'Up from Slavery,' following versions that have appeared in the East Indies, Holland, Germany, Poland, Norway, France, and Spain.

Further announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'Christus Liberator: An Outline Study of Africa,' by Miss Ellen C. Parsons; 'China in Law and Commerce,' by Prof. J. Macbride Sterrett; 'Riding and Driving,' by Price Collier and Edward L. Anderson; and 'Alcestis, and Other Poems,' by Sara King Wiley.

A. Wessels Co. have nearly ready 'Cartoons in Rhyme and Line,' by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and F. Carruthers Gould.

From the Grafton Press we are to have 'Arizona Sketches,' by Dr. J. A. Munk; 'The Days and Hours of Raphael,' by Rachael LaFontaine; and 'Fifty and One Tales of Modern Fairyland,' by F. Strange Kolle.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s spring announcements include 'Letters from an Oregon Ranch,' by "Katharine"; 'From the West to the West,' by Abigail Scott Duniway—a journey across the Plains in the early fifties; 'Iowa, the First Free State of the Louisiana Purchase,' by William Salter; 'The Athlete's Garland,' sporting verse, compiled by Wallace Rice; 'A Selection from the Great English Poets,' by Sherwin Cody; and the Scammon Lectures before the Art Institute of Chicago by Russell Sturgis.

Ginn & Co. will publish shortly 'The Greek Painters' Art,' by Irene Weir, art director of the Brookline (Mass.) public schools. A description of a recent journey to Greece is joined to chapters on vase painting, architectural coloring, Greco-Egyptian portraits and Greco-Roman mosaics, and mural painting in Greece and Italy.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring list includes the Complete Poetical and Prose Works of George Herbert, in three volumes, edited by George Herbert Palmer; the Complete Poetical and Dramatic Works of Lord Byron, edited in one volume (Cambridge Edition) by Paul Elmer More; 'Later Poems,' by John White Chadwick; 'The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems,' by Anna Hempstead Branch; 'Essays in Puritanism,' by Andrew Macphail; 'The Far Eastern Tropics: Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies,' by Alleyne Ireland; 'Manual of the Trees of North America (exclusive of Mexico),' by Charles Sprague Sargent; 'Wasps: Social and Solitary,' by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham; and 'Wild Wings: Adventures of a Camera Hunter among the Larger Wild Birds of America on Land and Sea,' by Herbert Keightley Job.

The Oxford University Press (H. Frowde) is about to publish 'Cantonese Love Songs,' with Chinese text, glossary and translation by Cecil Clementi of Hong Kong; 'Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the French Revolution,' edited in two volumes by L. G. Wickham Legg from strictly contemporaneous writings, mainly periodical literature; 'The Farther East,' by Archibald Little; 'The Faroes and Iceland,' by Nelson Annandale; 'Corps de Droit Ottoman,' by George Young, second secretary of the English Embassy, in seven volumes; a Concordance of Dante's Italian Prose Works and of the Canzoniere, by E. S. Sheldon; 'Early Patristic Quotations from the New Testament,' by A. J. Carlyle and others; an authorized translation of Schiaparelli's 'Astronomy in the Old Testament'; 'An Outline Dictionary,' intended as an aid in the study of the languages of the Bantu (African) and other uncivilized races, edited by A. C. Madan; Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' edited in three volumes by the late G. Birkbeck Hill; 'The Minor Caroline Poets,' edited with introductions by Prof. George Saintsbury; 'The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene,' edited by J. Churton Collins; and 'The Lyrical Poems of Blake,' edited by John Sampson.

The literary remains of Theodor Herzl have been found to be very extensive, and his writings on Zionism are soon to be published with the title 'Theodor Herzl's Sämtliche Zionistische Schriften,' consisting chiefly of essays and addresses. The work will be edited by Prof. L. Kellner, who, in the last will of the Zionite leader, was appointed his literary executor. In connection with it a biography of Herzl from the pen of Max Nordau will appear. Herzl's chief monument, however, will be his Diary, in eighteen "books," which reports the Zionist movement from its very beginning to the death of the author. It has, however, not yet been definitely decided when this *Tagebuch* is to be published, if at all.

The publishing house of Victoriano Suarez of Madrid is publishing a new series of books on American history, entitled "Colección de libros y documentos referentes á la historia de América." The first three volumes have already appeared. Volume I. is a review of the Jesuit missions near the headwaters of the Amazon River in the country of the Maynas, and was written, by command of the Jesuit superior at Quito, in 1661, by Francisco de Figueroa, S. J., a Spanish-American. Its title is, 'Relación de las misiones de la Compañía de Jesús en el pais de los Maynas,' and it is a typical Jesuit relation, full of keen observation, thrilling scenes of hardship and danger, customs of the Indians, etc., and some valuable history. Volumes II. and III. are the first two instalments of the "Quinquenarios" of Pedro Gutiérrez de Santa Clara, in the main the story of the revolution in Peru (1544-1548) which was the first instituted attempt against constituted Spanish authority in the new world. Its author was probably a Spanish mestizo and a native of New Spain, and, best of all, was not an ecclesiastic, but a part of the scenes that he describes so vividly. His book is very readable, and contains much that is valuable to the student. As a series the publication has some drawbacks, and obviously the following: the lack of a list of the documents, of which the Spanish archives contain so many still unpublished, that are to be published; the lack of a general editor to lick the work into shape and to set definite bounds to it; the lack of a general introduction that would reveal the proposed scope of the work; the almost utter absence of notes, most of the slight annotation consisting of bibliographical notes in the introductions to the separate works, and of notes in the text proper showing erasures in the original manuscript or emendations made by the editor; the want of illustrations, especially good maps, of which

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there are many manuscript ones in the Spanish archives that have never been published; and the omission of an index, for we fear there is no hope of a general index to the series. On the other hand, the typographical arrangement is neat, and the size of the volumes handy for the reader. The introductions accompanying the several works are useful, and the bibliographical notes extremely so. Documents are carefully reproduced in the old orthography and capitalization, and the press-marks of the original manuscripts conscientiously given.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have united with the London house of J. M. Dent & Co. in the production of a much desiderated series of French reprints, "Les Classiques Français." It is in pocket form, bound in flexible olive-green lambskin covers, richly gilt, and printed in small but thoroughly legible type, with a regulation portrait, a preface by some recognized man of letters, and a bibliography of editions (supplied by the general editor, Mr. D. S. O'Connor). To view is to be captivated. We have before us Chateaubriand's 'Atala, René, Le Dernier Abencérage,' in one volume, with an introduction by Melchior de Vogüé, and 'Contes Choisis' from Balzac, with a preface by Paul Bourget. The range of selection promises to be very extensive.

While the foregoing enterprise is aimed at readers, familiar with French, who do not desire notes, or regard them as detracting from their pleasure, the Oxford Modern French Series, edited by Leon Delbos (H. Frowde), is primarily intended for students. These text-books, then, are correspondingly sober in their attire, without and within, with an eye to cheapness, and are moderately annotated at the end, with less reference to linguistic difficulties than to literary and historical allusion. The initial numbers are Jules David's 'Le Serment,' edited by Cécil Hugon, and Thierry's 'Les Normands en Angleterre et en France,' edited by A. H. Smith; and in size they exemplify the varying price, according to bulk, viz., eighteenpence and two shillings sixpence; two and three shillings being demanded in other cases.

'Collier's Self-Indexing Annual, 1905' (P. F. Collier & Son), is "self-indexing" like any other alphabetically ordered handbook; but a large portion of this bulky quarto is not "annual" matter in any proper sense of the word. Take the rubric Gymnastics, for example, which makes no pretence of being related to the "history of men and events of the past year"; or the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; or the Luther League of America; or the Monroe Doctrine (with no fresh illustrations); or Hay (statistics for 1903). Numerous entries of societies are justified only on the ground of the election of officers in 1904. They might better have been tabulated. Many others are utterly trivial, like McLean (Dolores) or Sipido. There is no index to help one through the maze of information, or to open up the abundant illustrations. There is even no alphabetic catchline aid to reference. In short, constructively this annual is as much behind the times as is possible. It is a jumble of borrowings from *Collier's Weekly* and of special articles in no way remarkable. It cannot be said to have been edited.

The ever fresh, authoritative, and stimulating year book, 'Burdett's Hospitals and Charities,' for 1905 (London: The Scientific Press), is able to exhibit for the first time the resources and expenditure of the ninety-four voluntary hospitals in the county of London for a period of ten years, during which a uniform system of accounts has been enforced. Such a showing could not fail to reveal excessive expenditure in some institutions and point the way to retrenchment. This is the world's statistical directory for the institutions contemplated, but it is also characterized by most useful discussions, here occupying fourteen chapters.

'The Land of the Future,' by Wilhelm von Polenz, which now appears in an English translation (Brentano's), although much shorter than Professor Münsterberg's imposing work, has much in common with it and covers briefly about the same ground. It is not quite so laudatory of everything American, but is evidently inspired by a desire to be perfectly just, and contains very little that can wound the self-love of the most sensitive American reader. Even its severest censures are mingled with exculpatory praises, and are tempered by intimations that, as this is the land of the future, it cannot be fairly expected to vie in every respect with European countries which have a long past behind them, and have not gone through so hurried a development. Of course, there are some droll mistakes, but they are comparatively few, and it speaks well for the author's judgment and powers of observation that he has produced what is, on the whole, a correct account of our country. Several of the recent works of German writers on American conditions have been written with such fulness of knowledge that there is really no reason why the intelligent German public should remain under any false impression about our institutions and tendencies. It is to be regretted that the present work is so poorly translated.

Into one volume of 636 pages, Mr. Charles H. Cochrane, the author of 'Modern Industrial Progress' (Philadelphia: Lippincott), who glares at us viciously as "Yours for progression" out of the frontispiece, compresses a description of 43 phases of modern progress, illustrated by 405 half-tone illustrations, largely borrowed from trade catalogues. The contents cover a bewildering diversity of subjects, from mining to flying, from ploughing to printing, from transportation by horse and wagon to rushing through space by rail and automobile. The work is therefore encyclopædic in scope, and, as it is the production of a single mind, is neither profound in treatment nor remarkable for accuracy. If read continuously, it leaves on the mind somewhat the same impression as the perusal of a condensed edition of Webster's Dictionary; and carelessness in composition and revision makes many of the sentences, to say the least, ambiguous. Take the following, which is printed without punctuation: "The autoplate consists of a casting mechanism and a series of finishing mechanisms which automatically coöperate in one machine to do the entire work that was formerly done on four or five hand machines at a single operation." As a scientific treatise, the book is worthless. As a popular survey of modern progress, were it more carefully written and more generously indexed, it would be useful. Moreover, were its quality commensurate with its weight to the hand, it would be invaluable.

'The Old Shipmasters of Salem, with Mention of Eminent Merchants,' by Charles E. Trow (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a plain story, well told, of the old merchant captains who used to sail square-rigged vessels out of the Massachusetts port to the East Indies, a hundred years or so ago; and of later voyages, down to the decline and extinction of that once-flourishing industry. The field of narration is not extensive, and the subject is treated with all the fulness it deserves. The writer commands an excellent style, and the text is freely illustrated. The portraits of some of these marine worthies are of more than passing interest. That of Capt. Joseph Peabody (1757-1844), for instance, represents a man of handsome features, denoting intellect and power. There are several pictures of ships. While the author has done well to gather his material and present it in so acceptable a shape, he is another in the list of sinners who send out a book, historical in character, and provide for it no index.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Schenck's 'History of Fairfield, Conn.,' begun twenty-five years ago, and issued in a first volume nine years later, is now concluded with volume ii., bringing the narrative down from 1700 to the close of the Revolution. It is a bulky work, and the new volume is open to the objection we made to the first, that too much extraneous history is introduced. In the main text it is hardly possible to follow a clear thread of the town's development. In fact, one must go to the appendices for the local color. Here we have vivid pictures in depositions from women regarding the plunder and burning of Fairfield by the Hessians in 1779, during one of Tryon's inhuman coast raids; a certain number of genealogies; and, of especial value, the first extant parish record of Christ's Church, from 1694 to 1805, filling sixty-one pages of fine print in double columns. To have indexed this would have swelled the book by an amount easily subtracted from the irrelevant text. The volume bears the imprint of J. J. Little & Co., New York. Mrs. Schenck's address is No. 2026 R Street, Washington, D. C.

A well-printed, thin volume of seventy-one pages, from the Grafton Press, New York, bears the title 'Concerning Genealogies: Being Suggestions of Value for All Interested in Family History,' by Frank Allaben. One finds little that is new or striking in these rather cleverly written pages. The suggestions which the author makes most prominent are that he knows who can give the best help to an inexperienced worker in this field, and also a press where the book had better be printed.

In view of a recent attempt to arouse public interest in the importance of fostering the reproduction in exact facsimile of books useful to students, there may be some curiosity regarding the number of American libraries that have contributed to the success of the reissue of Friar Colonna's 'Poliphili Hypnerotomachia,' by Methuen & Co., London. The original edition, printed by Aldus at Venice in 1499, has always been one of the most desired of all the productions of that famous press. Lovers of fine books; amateurs interested in the history of printing or engraving, of art or literature; collectors of choice or uncommon editions; and those who seek for what

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is euphemistically called "curious," will all find much to their liking in this new edition of the work. But the 'Hypnerotomachia' ought to be much more than a collector's book. It is comparatively little known, perhaps because, as Renouard pointed out long ago, so many more famous artists and authors have borrowed from its superabundance of ideas and suggestions that they have all hesitated to call attention to the source of their inspiration. Nevertheless, it has a well-established place in the history of mediæval life and literature.

The January issue of the Essex Institute Historical Collections (Salem, Mass.) is wholly taken up with the local proceedings on the hundredth anniversary of Hawthorne's birth, under the auspices of the Institute. Besides the set addresses (one from Dr. Edward W. Emerson), numerous letters and appreciations are printed—from Mr. Choate, Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Andrew Lang, Mr. Bryce, and others. On the same date (conventional, not the true birthday), June 23, 1904, was held the first reunion of the descendants of Major William Hawthorne and his brother John (a settler in Lynn), and this too is reported. Mr. Henry F. Waters's account of his discoveries among English wills of the English ancestors of Hawthorne, substantial yeomen of Berkshire, surpasses all else in interest. Affixed are lists of Hawthorne souvenirs and relics and first editions exhibited concurrently at the Institute.

The mountains of Turkestan form the subject of an unusually readable article in the *Geographical Journal* for February, by Mr. Ellsworth Huntington. His aim is to draw attention to the relationship between all that goes to make up the earth and air of these mountains on the one hand, and all that makes up their life, whether vegetable, animal, or human, on the other. In showing this intimate connection he pictures most entertainingly the nomadic life and character, demonstrating particularly how her environment makes the "Khirgiz wife stronger, more capable, and more self-reliant, and hence a better and more loving mother." Of greater local interest is Prof. J. W. Spencer's description, with charts and sections, of the submarine great cañon of the Hudson River, which was first noticed by Prof. J. D. Dana. Beginning some thirty miles outside of Sandy Hook, it is nearly twenty miles long, and from 1,000 to 4,800 feet below sea-level, and develops into a valley 9,000 feet deep. Among the other contents are an account of the McMillan expedition to Southwestern Abyssinia, by B. H. Jessen, and descriptive notes, by Dr. Tempest Anderson, of some striking photographs of Stromboli, showing the changes in the crater since 1888. The finding of a new genus of algæ, by the *Discovery* expedition in the Antarctic Ocean, named *Clementsia Markhamiana*, is chronicled by Mr. George Murray, with illustrations. The peculiar interest of this type lies not only in its unique character as an oceanic plant, but in its significance from the point of view of the geographical distribution of such organisms. Its nearest allies are found in fresh water.

—The literary interest stands foremost this month in the *Atlantic*. Goldwin Smith makes a very vigorous retort to the adverse criticism of Walter Scott's poetry contributed to the November number by Mr. Arthur Symons. He admits that it takes something of the boy to read "Marmion" with delight; but if it be that part of the boy which a man of Goldwin Smith's tastes and attainments may carry through eighty-two years, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Symons has not seriously lowered Scott's rank on the slopes of Parnassus by dubbing him a poet for boys. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes a paper on "A Bundle of Old Letters," the papers of her uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland. In describing how the American diplomat was made at the time of Mr. Leland's occupancy of the Turkish mission, "or was made before the idea of the so-called Civil Service entered into the policy of Washington," Mrs. Pennell apparently labors under the impression that American ministers are selected by competitive examination. After relating an occasion on which "the Rye" achieved the honor of thanks from his Government for success in dealing with the difficult Turk, she adds, "I wonder to how many of his already forgotten successors it has happened." Evidently Mrs. Pennell is not thoroughly informed as to the history of the Turkish mission. James Sully gives some interesting recollections culled from his long years of intimacy with Sir Leslie Stephen, and T. W. Higginson presents a paper on "The Close of the Victorian Epoch," taking the deaths of Herbert Spencer and Philip James Bailey as the definitive turning of the page. Spencer, Darwin, Lord Houghton, Aubrey de Vere, Bailey, Jowett, and Alexander J. Ellis are the names to which Mr. Higginson gives special attention. The continuation of Thoreau's Journal can hardly be said to present anything likely to strengthen his hold upon the present generation. By far the best of the Walden philosopher has long been available, and the utility of publishing the second best is questionable.

—The chief paper of serious interest in the March *Scribner's* is the third of Mr. Vanderlip's studies in current political problems of Europe. This writer takes up methods of education, giving the lion's share of attention to Germany, and showing a very evident admiration for what he regards as the German ideal—that is, the transformation of each student into the most effective economic unit which it is possible to produce. He is apparently convinced that a nation's life consists chiefly in the abundance of material possessions acquired, and would be quite willing to see our own traditional ideal of education primarily for intelligent citizenship radically altered. In the French system he finds nothing but a mechanical preparation for examinations admitting to the public service, and in this fact alone he sees an adequate explanation of the relative backwardness of France in modern industrial progress. England has not yet risen to the point of having an educational ideal. "No British statesman seems ever to have conceived that a perfect system of education would redound to national greatness." The statesmen who found a way to raise one billion two hundred million dollars for the conquest of the Boers, do not feel that the Government can afford to recognize any new claims on the budget for the support of education. On the artistic side, nothing in this number compares with the series of tinted reproductions of Indian types, thirteen in number, from photographs by E. S. Curtis. George Bird Grinnell, who writes the accompanying text, is well within bounds in saying that if Mr. Curtis shall have life and health to go on with his accumulations of material for ten years, he will have the basis for the greatest artistic and historical work in American ethnology ever attempted.

—President Eliot presents, in the March *Harper's*, another of his thoughtful papers on the troubled relations between capital and labor. The associations of employers form the special topic. All such associations, he holds, should be brought to the test of their relation to private and public liberty. So far as their policies tend, in practical execution, to promote such liberty, they are worthy of hearty approval. Taking up for analysis the declared aims of a single organization, he finds these aims to be as follows: No closed shop; no restriction as to the use of tools, machinery, or materials, except such as are unsafe; no limitation of output; no restriction in number of apprentices and helpers when of proper age; no boycott; no sympathetic strike; no sacrifice of the non-union workman to the union, and no compulsory use of the union label. Each and every one of these points he emphatically approves. Prof. John Bassett Moore contributes a sketch of our actual experience in international arbitration, and recent attempts to promote the principle by general treaties. No definite line, he holds, can be drawn between classes of questions which may rightly be arbitrated and those which may not. The extent and usefulness of the method must be determined largely by public sentiment. Chemistry, ethnology, and botany are each honored with a paper of "popular science" type so frequent now in the magazines. W. Carew Hazlitt presents with appropriate comments a few hitherto unpublished letters of Lamb's.

—A very illuminative exhibition of the *anima poetæ* is found in the facsimile of Keats's autograph manuscript of "Hyperion," edited by Mr. Ernest Sélincourt and published at the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde). This manuscript, which is now the property of the British Museum, seems to have been intended by Keats as the final revision of the poem for the press, although after he set to work upon it his mood became so creative and his alterations so numerous, that it was deemed better to have one of the clerks in the office of his friend Woodhouse make a clean copy for the printers. The manuscript, therefore, represents a form of the poem intermediate between the first draft and the printed text of the first edition, and it is rich in traces of the operation of the poet's mind. Mr. Sélincourt has studied all the corrections and differences with a very painstaking subtlety, and in his ample notes on the variations of the manuscript from the printed text of "Hyperion" will be found excellent material toward a poetic. A single example must suffice. The form of the fine lines—

> "Until at length old Saturn lifted up
> His faded eyes and saw his kingdom gone,"

was, in the latter line, as Keats first wrote it in the present manuscript,

> "His eyes and saw his royal kingdom gone."

"But as he copied," says Mr. Sélincourt, "he recognized the tautology of *royal kingdom* and decided to give an epithet to *eyes*,

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First he tried *faint blue*, but deleted it in favor of *faded*, which suggested more forcibly Saturn's loss of royal power, and is doubtless an unconscious reminiscence of the *faded cheek* of Satan ('Paradise Lost,' i., 602)." Nearly all the emendations in the manuscript are calculated to make the tone of the poem more Miltonic. The significant thing about them to a student of poetry is that they show how—the initial energy of conception being granted—there is as much flavor and zest of personality in the considerate refining of revision, in the afterthought and labor of the file, as in the spontaneous ebullition; reminding us again that poetry is a fine art as well as a form of vaticination.

—Mr. Sélincourt appends to the facsimile of the autograph of "Hyperion" an uncommonly interesting transliteration of the manuscript of "The Fall of Hyperion: A Dream." This again shows some important differences from the printed text, the most important of them being the inclusion between lines 186 and 187 of the printed poem of a passage of twenty-four lines which, for some unaccountable reason, was rejected by Woodhouse. The concluding lines of this passage are of the first moment for a lover of Keats, showing as they do how, at the end of his short day as a romantic poet, he had become aware of the seeds of decay which were in Romanticism itself:

> "Apollo! faded! O far-flown Apollo,
> Where is thy misty pestilence to creep
> Into the dwellings, through the door crannies
> Of all mock lyrists, large self-worshippers
> And careless hectorers in proud, bad verse?
> Though I breathe death with them, it will be life
> To see them sprawl before me into graves."

Keats wrote upon a foolscap folio, so that the facsimile has necessarily been printed in a tall folio. The facsimile itself is admirable, and the letterpress little less so. Barring the bad paste used in the binding, this is in every way a satisfactory book.

—During a recent visit to Rouen, Prof. Arthur L. Frothingham, jr., of Princeton University made an interesting discovery in the small archæological museum of that city. His attention was attracted to a beautiful model of the well-known late-Gothic Church of Saint Maclou. This model had hitherto been considered by the local authorities to be a miniature copy from the completed church; and in the catalogue of the museum it was set down as the work of a priest who had spent ten years of his life in making it. Professor Frothingham was at once struck by the beauty of the art and workmanship, and, after making a thorough study of it, comparing it in detail with the church, he became convinced that this was the original model made by the architect who planned the building. His conclusions excited the interest of the most prominent specialists in Gothic architecture in France, and on the 8th of February he was invited to speak on the subject before the Société Nationale des Antiquaires de France in Paris. The most notable of the French savants in the mediæval field were present, and the Comte de Lasteyrie, the chief authority on Gothic architecture, accepted all of Professor Frothingham's findings, and in a few words called attention to the importance of the result. Up to this time it had been held that no original architect's model of a Gothic building existed in France. Professor Frothingham demonstrated that this model of Saint Maclou could not have been executed at any time when Gothic art did not flourish, and that, as in many points it differed from the finished church, the architects and builders who carried out the original design departed from the model. Moreover, these variations showed a poorer art, both in richness of ornamentation and in beauty of line and detail, and confirmed the supposition that the model was the original design made by the architect before the church was begun, and submitted by him for approval to the board of directors who had charge of the financial part of the enterprise. From his previous study of the subject, Professor Frothingham inferred that architects' models were always designed for the practical purpose of having a plan accepted. As this is the only work of the kind that has survived from the Middle Ages, it possesses extraordinary interest for the student of to-day. It is noteworthy that the spire of the model is our only evidence of the original appearance of the church when completed, as its spire was destroyed in the eighteenth century and the present one is a modern construction. The model, which dates from before 1436, is a work of art of great beauty from the hand of a master architect. It is finished to the smallest detail, indicating every statuette, gargoyle, pinnacle, and bit of tracery. The material is papier-maché on a wood frame. Professor Frothingham has had some large photographs of the model made, and two of these will be reproduced in Dujardin (heliogravure) plates, to illustrate the monograph which he has prepared, and which will be published in the sumptuous French publication, "Monuments Piot" or "Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres."

OSLER'S ADDRESSES.

Æquanimitas: With Other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses, and Practitioners of Medicine. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. London: H. K. Lewis. 1904.

Dr. William Osler, about to leave this country for the Regius Professorship of Medicine in the University of Oxford, has published a sort of valedictory volume, almost if not quite as interesting to the laity as to the profession of which he is a distinguished ornament. It is a collection of eighteen addresses and essays prepared at various times (between 1889 and 1903), all pertinent to medicine. As Dr. Osler is one of the men who have avocations as well as a vocation, those who know him will expect to find that two noteworthy characteristics, his love of literature and his good humor, are blended with his medicine. They will not be disappointed. In the phraseology of pharmacy, his pills are sugar-coated, and his potions are elegant extracts. We may almost say that he has unconsciously written an autobiography—not the annals of his life, nor the story of the friends with whom he has been associated, but he has given his thoughts on education; on investigation; on the relation of physicians to patients and to nurses; on ethics; guardedly, on religion; and fully, on the conduct of life. From these *disjecta membra poetæ* a psychological anatomist, if he had tact and time, might perhaps reconstruct, after Cuvier's example, *Osler redivivus*—at least so far as head, heart, and hands are concerned.

In view of Dr. Osler's transit, it might be worth while to enumerate those writings of his which are strictly medical, and to recapitulate the events of his peripatetic career in Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, and especially in Baltimore, where for fifteen years he has been the medical chief in the Johns Hopkins foundations; but our remarks will be confined to the volume 'Æquanimitas.' This title gives the keynote to most of his utterances. On his first page he declares that in the physician and surgeon no quality takes rank with imperturbability. Imperturbable the author is, at the bedside or on the platform, making a diagnosis or a speech, before a clinic or an assembly of sexagenarians (when he points out the danger-point of advancing age). Nothing ruffles his disposition. He avows that his recreation is bibliography, but his record shows that his real recreation is in reading. He seldom makes an exact citation from his favorite writers, but his allusions to them are interwoven with all his discourses, often in a very subtle manner. There is a background of Biblical knowledge. Plato is frequently referred to—indeed, one paper is on Medicine in Plato. Marcus Aurelius and Sir Thomas Browne are especial favorites of his; Shakspere is often quoted, and from Osler's pages a long list of poets, from Milton to Arnold, might be constructed as a trustworthy guide to modern English literature, illuminated by appropriate epithets. It is English writers, however, and not Continental, who have chiefly attracted him. No one would suspect that Dante or Goethe was his familiar spirit. All this is exemplified by the titles of the ten volumes which he recommends, at the close of his book, as a "Bedside Library for Medical Students," to wit: The Old and New Testaments; Shakspere; Montaigne; Plutarch's Lives; Marcus Aurelius; Epictetus; 'Religio Medici'; 'Don Quixote'; Emerson; Oliver Wendell Holmes—'Breakfast Table' series.

The essays in this volume are historical, including a review of Medical Science in the nineteenth century. The addresses were delivered on academic occasions, when the speaker appeared as a teacher, not as the investigator, nor as the historian. Students, rather than colleagues, are usually in his mind; but he has an eye also to a wider circle. For example, Dr. Osler constantly recurs to the need of enlarged endowments for medical education if the new school of medicine is to fulfil its work. A great university, he says, has a dual function—teaching and thinking. The effort should therefore be made to secure professors who can add to the store of the world's knowledge. Every gift which promotes higher medical education means fewer mistakes, greater skill, and the saving of pain and anxiety to countless numbers. An institution which does not look beyond college gates in selecting professors may get good teachers, but rarely good thinkers. Parochialism is a dangerous snare. Closely allied to these citations are the remarks of Dr. Osler on the hospital as a college, wherein his own experience in the Johns Hopkins Medical School is carefully described. He predicts that, in the next quarter of a century, the larger universities in this country will, like Johns Hopkins, have their

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own hospitals, in which the problems of nature known as disease will be studied as thoroughly as are those of geology or Sanskrit. His rule of three is this: "As laboratories are to the physical sciences, so are hospitals to schools of medicine."

In every paper Dr. Osler is the advocate of scientific methods—exact observations, careful records, modern appliances. Of "The New School in Medicine" he is a persuasive defender. "The three great advances of the century have been the control of epidemics, anæsthetics, and antisepsis." Thus, he says: "We have seen a complete revolution in the practice of medicine, and what has been accomplished by the new school is only an earnest of what the future has in store." This, he admits, is no new method, but the old method of Boerhaave, Rutherford, Hunter, now supported and amplified by modern facilities, laboratories, and instruments. A man cannot become a competent surgeon without a full knowledge of human anatomy and physiology; so the physician, without physiology and chemistry, flounders along in an aimless fashion, never able to gain any accurate conception of disease, practising a sort of popgun pharmacy, hitting now the malady and again the patient, he himself not knowing which. Here are some evidences that the author is no druggist. We no longer live, he says, in a fool's paradise, and fondly imagine that in all cases we control the issues of life and death with our pills and potions. Common sense in matters medical is rare; usually in inverse ratio to the degree of education. Clergymen, he continues, are notorious supporters of nostrums, and the further they have wandered from the decrees of the Council of Trent, the more apt are they to be steeped in thaumaturgic and Galenical superstition. Man has an inborn craving for medicine. Heroic dosing for several generations has given his tissues a thirst for drugs, and, with improved preparations, we are in danger of polypharmacy, the emancipation from which has been the sole gift of Hahnemann and his followers to the race.

Here are some counsels of our medical adviser to young physicians. In one of the Jungle Stories, Mowgli wished to be avenged on the villagers, and he could get the help he needed only by sending the Master Word. "This I propose to give you," says our author. "It is the secret of life as I have seen the game played and as I have tried to play it myself." Then comes this inspiring passage:

"Though a little one, the Master-Word looms large in meaning. It is the open-sesame to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady. With the magic word in your heart, all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it; the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, the dumb speak with fingers. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. True balm of hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. It is directly responsible for all advances in medicine during the past twenty-five centuries. Laying hold upon it, Hippocrates made observation and science the warp and woof of our art. Galen so read its meaning that fifteen centuries stopped thinking and slept until awakened by the 'De Fabrica' of Vesalius, which is the very incarnation of the master-word. With its inspiration Harvey gave an impulse to a larger circulation than he wot of, an impulse which we feel to-day. Hunter sounded all its heights and depths, and stands out in our history as one of the great exemplars of its virtue. With it Virchow smote the rock, and the waters of progress gushed out; while in the hands of Pasteur it proved a very talisman, to open to us a new heaven in medicine and a new earth in surgery. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in everyday life. Not a man before you but is beholden to it for his position here, while he who addresses you has that honor directly in consequence of having had it graven on his heart when he was as you are to-day. And the master-word is *Work*—a little one, as I have said, but fraught with momentous sequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your hearts, and bind it upon your foreheads."

This citation is quite enough to show that the style of Dr. Osler is most felicitous; and those who think they care but little for the professional aspect of this volume, will be charmed by its graceful expressions, its acute suggestions, its thorough good sense. The medical profession among English-speaking people is especially noteworthy for its contributions to natural science beyond the field allotted to it, and not a few of the guild are distinguished non-professional writers. If Dr. Osler, in the new environment to which he is called, under the dominant influences of classical culture (for which he shows a strong predilection) should find time to devote himself to literature, would not the gain to letters be a loss to humanity?

BOOKS ON ART AND ARTISTS.

The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting. By Sir Walter Armstrong. London: Seeley & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

A Record of Spanish Painting. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan). London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Scribners. 1904.

Tuscan and Venetian Artists, their Thought and Work. By Hope Rea. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. By A. E. Fletcher. (The Makers of British Art.) London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Paolo Veronese.—Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Newnes's Art Library. London: George Newnes; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

The director of the National Gallery of Ireland is one of the few writers on art who always has something interesting to say, and in his *Portfolio* Monograph on the Peel Collection he has made of what might easily have been a perfunctory piece of work an acute and valuable critical essay on the Dutch School. The Peel Collection includes one Italian picture, ten British pictures, twelve Flemish pictures, and eighteen drawings by Rubens and Van Dyck, besides the fifty-five Dutch pictures which are its principal glory. Two Rubenses, the famous "Chapeau de Poil" and the "Triumph of Silenus," figure in the illustrations of this monograph, but are not treated of in the text; Rubens and Van Dyck, as well as Rembrandt and Gonzales Coques, being reserved for study at "another opportunity." Rembrandt is such a lonely figure that he has constantly to be excepted from all general remarks on Dutch painting; and his elimination, together with that of the two great Flemings, leaves a compact and homogeneous body of artists whose work is so much of a piece that it may be profitably considered as exemplifying a point of view and a method. That they are artists and not merely mechanics—that they are designers as well as technicians—is Sir Walter Armstrong's main thesis; his whole book being a sort of sermon on a text from the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' and his argument a refutation of Ruskin's fallacies. It would be vain to attempt such a condensation of this argument, in the space at our disposal, as should give any fair idea of its scope or cogency; whoever will read it for himself will find it illuminating.

That such an argument should ever have been necessary—yet more that it is still necessary—seems almost incredible to the lovers of Dutch art; but there are still, undoubtedly, people who repeat and believe the old sneers at Dutch painting, made when that painting was as profoundly misunderstood by those who praised it as by those who damned. The reputations of Hals and Vermeer are so modern that no pictures by them are included in the Peel Collection; and while admirable examples of Metzu and Ter Borch and De Hooghe are to be found there, it is doubtful if the collector cared as much for them as for the industrious mediocrity of Dou. The works most admired by the connoisseurs of that day were the very ones which most nearly deserved the condemnation of Ruskin, while the qualities for which the better works were praised were the least of their real merits. Those who have felt that, in spite of controversy, Vermeer is as much, if not as great, an artist as Titian, may well be grateful to Sir Walter for showing them why and how this is true.

Velasquez was an even more isolated figure in the history of art than Rembrandt, and to read Mrs. Gallichan's volume or to study its illustrations is to accentuate one's conviction that there was only one great Spanish painter. His contemporaries, Ribera and Zurbaran and Murillo, were second or third-rate men, much farther below Velasquez's standard than were the little masters of Holland below that of Rembrandt. Before him the most interesting painter is the half-crazy Theotocopuli (il Greco), who was not a Spaniard; after him there is a hundred years' blank, and then that clever blackguard, Goya. We are bidden to see in the work of Zuloaga the hope of a renaissance of Spanish art, but the example reproduced shows no more than a superficial modern brilliancy, as little akin to the art of Velasquez as is Boldini's facile virtuosity to the grand Italian painting of the sixteenth century. The more one studies the really great figures in art, the more inadequate the theory of Taine appears, and the more one is forced to the recognition of the inexplicability and the importance of individual genius. The race, the *milieu,* and the moment may account for Botticelli, but not for Michelangelo; for Ter Borch, but not for Rembrandt; for Zurbaran, but not for Velasquez. The art of these greatest ones is colored by the race instinct and the time spirit, but is not produced by them. It is not the race or the epoch that interests us in their art: it is their art which interests us in the race and the epoch.

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A great deal of industry has gone to the preparation of this stout volume of between three and four hundred pages. It is crammed with information, and we are willing to believe that most of this information is accurate, but it is not entertaining. With few exceptions the Spanish painters were very unimportant persons, and it would require great critical acumen and literary skill to interest us greatly in them; a lack of either faculty has reduced them to a row of labels. To read that so-and-so painted in such a town, that he drew well, or imitated the Italians, or was influenced by Venetian coloring, is much like reading that Pennsylvania is bounded on the north by New York. No one, indeed, could make Velasquez quite uninteresting, but it must be a rarely gifted person who can be justified in writing of him after Stevenson. The book has seven appendices, besides an index, and is a creditable production.

Hope Rea's modest essays, which come to us in a "new and enlarged edition," are of a very different texture. Here we have no cataloguing and very little history; the effort is to treat of certain large aspects of Italian art, using individual artists or particular works as illustrations only of the theme in hand. Thus, in the seven chapters, we have a consideration of the influence of building and goldsmith work on Italian painting, with Botticelli as the chosen exponent of this influence; of the relation between imagination and reality in art, with Angelico and Signorelli, Raphael and the Venetians, as contrasting types; of the artists as story-tellers, and of the comparative treatment of subject; as well as a separate chapter on the Della Robbia ware. The author writes intelligently, if with no great originality of thought, and in a pleasing if not over-exact style. That a second edition has been called for shows that the book has a value for a certain, probably a large, public, and its usefulness is increased by the thirty-eight well-executed half-tone illustrations.

Mr. Fletcher has nothing new or important to tell us of Gainsborough's art, but he has succeeded, in spite of the handicap of a wordy and inefficient style, in writing a fairly entertaining biography. His sentences rarely hit the mark, but he tries again and again and hits all around it, until one finds where the target must have been by allowing for the degree of deflection. Gainsborough had such a human and winning personality that even on these terms he is pleasant to read about, and he left a number of letters which are very briskly written, and which let us see him at first hand. Therefore, although there was no greater call for this book than the necessity of filling out the series to which it belongs, it can be read with a certain degree of enjoyment.

The two latest issues of Newnes's Art Library are like the earlier ones—collections of indifferently executed plates with a minimum of text. In the case of that devoted to Veronese, this text is much above the average of these publications, and gives some real idea of the range and force of Paolo's genius, though Mrs. Bell seems entirely to have missed the humor of the artist's defence of himself before the Inquisition, and to sympathize altogether with the inquisitors. The plates after Burne-Jones include a larger number of that artist's early works than we have seen elsewhere, and this gives the volume a certain interest. The extreme feebleness of these juvenile productions makes the real accomplishment of the later work seem by contrast even greater than it is.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH BOOK ON HUNTING.

The Master of Game. By Edward, Second Duke of York. Edited by William A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, with a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. With fifty-two facsimile photogravure plates and monotint reproductions. London: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. 1904.

It was probably just five hundred years ago, during the unwelcome leisure of imprisonment in Pevensey Castle for conspiracy, that Edward, second Duke of York, grandson of Edward III. and of Pedro the Cruel, began the translation into English of the famous book on hunting written in France some twenty years before by Gaston III., Count of Foix and Lord of the Béarn, otherwise known as "Gaston Phœbus." Though the French work has been printed at various times, this English translation, to which Edward added five chapters and many shorter passages of his own, has heretofore existed only in manuscript form. Of the three manuscripts of special value, two lie in the British Museum and the third in the Bodleian Library. From one of the two former, the Cottonian, the text of Mr. Grohman's edition has been reproduced, with no alteration except "the addition of stops, and the correction of obvious clerical mistakes or repetitions." President Roosevelt contributes a characteristically enthusiastic Foreword, giving incidental expression to some of his own sensible views as to the proper subordination of sport to the more serious interests of life, the ethics of sportsmanship, and the best methods of game preservation. The revolt of his own taste against many of the older habits of the chase, as described in the volume, finds its way to the surface in his closing sentence:

"But, after all, no form of hunting has ever surpassed in attractiveness the life of the wilderness wanderer of our own time—the man who, with simple equipment, and trusting to his own qualities of head, heart, and hand, has penetrated to the uttermost regions of the earth, and single-handed slain alike the wariest and the grimmest of the creatures of the waste."

The President is guilty, we think, of historical injustice in asserting that the Romans, in comparison with the Greeks and Assyrians, cared little for the chase. We might readily fill a dozen of these columns with representative passages from Roman literature of all periods proving the contrary, were it worth while.

Aside from its aristocratic origin, in both the original and the translation, the treatise is of great inherent interest. The author believed in his sport, and threw his whole heart into his literary presentation of it. The hunter, to him, was one of the most favored of human kind. "Men desyren to leve long in this world in helthe and in joye, and after deth helthe of mannys sowle, and hunters han alle thise thingges." He "nevere segh man that loved travaile and lust of hundes and of hawkes that he ne had mony good custummes in hym, for that cometh to him of grett nobilness and gentillnesse of hert." His loving references to "the swete and fayre morrow, the clere wedir and bryght," and "the songe of the small fowles the which syngen swetely with grete melodye," all point to a genuine lover of nature, in spite of the strenuous existence in which he was involved by the troubles of the times. The Duke of York was apparently less at home with the pen than the Count of Foix, but criticism is disarmed by the closing entreaty:

"Nowe prey I unto every creature that hath herde or redde this lytell tretys whatever he bee of estate or condicyoun that ther as to lytel is of good language, that of theyre benignytee and grace they wol more adde, and ther as to is to muche superfulytee that they wol also abregge hit as hem seme the best by hure goode and wyse discrecion, nought presumyng upon me that I had other (over?) ful knowlegge or konnynge for to put in wryting this ryale desportful and noble game of huntyng so effectuelly but alwey to be submitted under the correccoun of alle gentyle hunters."

Both Frenchman and Englishman alike were evidently careful observers of the habits of the game of which they wrote, and the naturalist no less than the hunter will find much of curious interest recorded.

One can hardly speak too highly of the loving and enthusiastic care which the editors, Mr. Baillie-Grohman and his accomplished wife, have manifested in preparing the work for publication. Considering its age and origin, the simple reproduction of the manuscript, in sumptuous form, would have furnished a choice morsel for collectors, but the writers have wisely chosen to elucidate as well as to reproduce. No effort has been spared to explain the many technical terms of the chase, a class of words so difficult to the philologist that in some cases even the late Max Müller and Dr. Murray were obliged to admit themselves completely baffled. As none of the English manuscripts are well illustrated, about half of the remarkable series of miniatures of Manuscript 616 of "Gaston Phœbus," in the National Library at Paris, are included in photogravure reproduction. These miniatures are representative of the best work of the French illuminators of the middle of the fifteenth century, though the hand that painted them cannot now be identified. Their chief interest, of course, lies rather in their relation to the history of art than in their value as accurate illustrations of the facts of the chase. Their extremely conventional character strikes the eye at once, though the artist's deviation from his text in the use of colors is, of course, eliminated by the method of reproduction. Only the frontispiece is printed in the original colors. This represents the Count of Foix surrounded by his huntsmen and hounds, with some two dozen lines of the prologue underneath, and all surrounded by a very elaborate decorative border. In the Introduction, however, the color of the huntsmen's dress in the other miniatures is described in detail. The fact that in just a few of these miniatures we have a natural background in place of the conventional decoration so suggestive of wall-paper or oil-cloth patterns, is one of the evidences in favor of the date assigned, for it was toward the middle of the fifteenth century that the fashion began to change in this respect.

Aside from the introductory material which we have already noticed, there are

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brief, but very compact, biographical sketches of the author and the English translator, a history of the remarkable adventures of the manuscript from which the miniatures are taken, and a chapter on English hunting in the Middle Ages. The notes and appendices furnish in the aggregate a vast amount of less connected information. We have mentioned above the possibility that the translation was made while the translator was imprisoned in Pevensey castle in 1405. There is no decisive evidence as to date, and the Pevensey-castle theory rests chiefly on the difficulty of finding any other time for the work in a life of such restless activity as the Duke was forced to lead. The prologue, at least, could not have been written earlier than 1406, since the Duke employs therein his title of Master of Game, a position which he held under Henry IV. from some time in 1406 until the King's death in 1413. Shortly after his pardon and promotion, the Duke was ordered to retire to his estates in the Welsh Marches and repress the rebels thereabout, and Mr. Grohman finds in this semi-exile another possible period for the work in question. There may be some doubt, however, whether the rebels of the Welsh Marches, five hundred years ago, constituted a favorable entourage for literary labor. But, however attractive the problem may be, it cannot be said to possess any serious importance. True, the book has been persistently attributed to the translator's father, Edmund de Langley, but this has been due merely to careless blundering, and Mr. Grohman has no difficulty in showing that there can be no real question whatever on that point.

One who has read to any extent in the older English will naturally feel inclined to resent the modernized version which accompanies the text in parallel columns, but perhaps the interests of the majority have been wisely consulted. It is impossible to modernize such a text, however, without some sacrifice of the quaint atmosphere of the original, and we counsel the reader to stick to the antique side of the page, resorting to the "pony" only when he finds himself absolutely baffled. Of course such a book cannot be put on the market, with its dozens of finely executed plates, its high-grade paper, its lavish margins, and its beautiful binding, at a price which will place it within the reach of "every gentleman's library." It must be frankly admitted, if we may take a little liberty with the well-known German phrase, that this edition has been produced "für die gegeldeten." Only six hundred copies have been printed, and three hundred of these are for sale in England. Purchasers in this country must take their chances with European competitors on the remaining three hundred. The inherent value of the book, however, is such that our leading libraries should be careful not to be left out.

The Campaign with Kuropatkin. By Douglas Story. Fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author. London: T. Werner Laurie; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1905.

After a flirtation with the Japanese in Japan, where twenty-four hours assured him that their war plans had no place for correspondents, with whom he couples attachés in an equal yoke, Mr. Story entered the Russian lines by way of Niu-Chwang. Following certain compulsory oscillations, he appears to have reached Hoi Yan, a point in front of Liaoyang, late in June, and was present at a night reconnoissance on July 3. At the beginning this was a surprise, "and for a time there was nothing but the sound of great men cursing in their wrath, and of little men sighing as the cold steel found them." However, the Japanese awoke to the situation, and, at the expense of 380 casualties, "the Russians extricated themselves from the trap in which light found them"; but, "as a reconnoissance, the operation was perfectly successful," notwithstanding they had to fight a rear-guard action for eight weary miles, during which, had the Japanese artillery been up, they would have been annihilated.

Mr. Story gives no consistent account of the Russian generalship as a whole, except as a series of efforts to prevent the Japanese advance; and it may be added that the tactical accounts of the battles themselves are unsatisfactory. Instead of military history, we have a book of impressions, individual and general. Naturally, a correspondent speaks, perhaps thinks, of the side he rides with as "ours," and shows the sympathy due to association. But here Mr. Story, whether dealing with Russian history, with the prospects of the future, or with the matters before his eyes, becomes intensely pro-Russian and bitterly anti-Japanese, rating Japan's civilization and progress as "but the lacquer on her barbarism" (p. 43). Perhaps, amid a constant succession of reverses, the sky grows dark, and the moral as well as the physical landscape is tinged accordingly. With her fleet destroyed, Russia could not prevent Japan from landing her armies at will on the Korean or the Mantchurian shore. These having landed, the natural defence lay along the broken ground, rising into mountains—a somewhat remote coast range, that curved southwest from the vicinity of Feng-wang-cheng, northwest of the crossing of the Yalu, down along the Liaotung peninsula, at whose extremity lay Port Arthur. It was the business of the Japanese to penetrate that barrier, and the duty of the Russians, who held interior lines, to prevent them.

There was a curious survival of older tactics in the earlier Russian experience. Indeed, Mr. Story, having domestic examples in mind, calls Gen. Sassulitch "the Gen. Buller of the army." On the other hand, when, in the gradual elimination of "generals of a departed generation," Kuropatkin had "withdrawn efficient men from staff work to place them in actual command in the field" (p. 247), our author finds in Col. Putiloff "the real Baden-Powell of the Russian army." Some of the explanations for the various disappointments that clouded Russian hopes are amusing in their disingenuousness. Thus, with a recognized inferiority in cavalry, the Japanese held to the broken ground until the weather rendered the plains unfit for masses of horse. It is implied, although not directly asked, Was this quite fair? "The Russians had prepared their fortresses, their entrenchments, and their gun emplacements when the level of the surrounding country was twelve feet lower," owing to the plantations of high and well-feathered kiaolang, which "had been foreseen by the Japanese, dimly realized by the Russians," though their railway guard had really been an army of occupation on those very plains. "Positions thoroughly prepared for the defence had become practically useless, and the whole condition of the battleground was changed by three weeks of lashing rain and torrid heat" (pp. 231-2). "Gen. Kuroki, making use of secret passes through the hills, was able to bring his forces to bear upon the Russian right [left]" (p. 203). "Secret passes" is delightful, and reflects upon Wolfe at the Heights of Abraham. It hardly seemed aboveboard for Kuroki to go about his work circuitously, and, trusting to his opponent's blindness, leave a great unadvertised gap while he crossed the unfordable Taitse. Perhaps he merely did not care to revive Colenso and Magersfontein. At all events, at Liaoyang he cut loose on the right, and Japanese audacity and Japanese valor found the way, while for thirty-six hours the lips of the gap might have been curled back before a competent wedge. But the Russian service of information was miserable, and its scouting was poor. When Kuropatkin found the opening, he was too hard pressed to avail himself of it.

Making allowance for its partisanship, this volume grows upon one. At first there is a sense of triviality and of irritation; later, a feeling of interest, if not of sympathy, arrives; there is nothing to arouse sympathy. It engages the attention to read what purports to be the *ipsissima verba* of Admiral Alexieff, speaking as viceroy, in whom, as Mr. Story puts it, "is personified the policy of Russian evolution." "He did not seek the war, he did not expect the war; but the war, once entered upon, must continue until it reached its natural termination in the triumph of Russia." "The Russian occupation of Port Arthur is a *sine qua non* to the discussion of terms of peace" (p. 287). At least it is satisfactory to know what the late imperial lieutenant in the Far East thought.

In many respects it is from the detail rather than grand outline, in all these contemporaneous accounts, that the reader reconstructs the human side of the war, the conditions that are affecting such myriads of our fellow-beings, differing in speech and race but still our fellow-men, whether bearing arms or suffering in their stricken homes. We find the Russian rank and file to be peasants in arms—the private a big, burly, bovine type of fighting man, never absolutely the soldier, slow to anger, simple of faith, docile but dogged, long-suffering but formidable. He is loaded down with accoutrements (infantry and cavalry alike seem to wear heavy boots summer and winter), and extremes of temperature trouble him little. His camps sometimes are distinctly unsanitary. He is drunk when vodka is accessible, which it is not in the field; and always is deeply religious, praying and singing with constant and impulsive zeal (pp. 194-8). Such men are those for whom the shock tactics of the past were adapted; they are not the light troops to dash forward in corporals' squads, every man taking care of himself. The text and the admirable photographs together vividly explain some of the more intimate features of the combatant life. The bayonet appears to be always "fixed," even at night. A reminder of the bakery wagons of the Army of the Potomac is the soup-kitchens, huge

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boilers on wheels that can go wherever guns may pass, from which at noon the soldier gets his bucket of beef and vegetable soup, subsisting meantime on black bread, which he carries around in huge loaves on his person, and tea. As may always occur after great battles, sometimes the wounded are transported in springless wagons, causing, unless beds of resilient boughs take up a part of the jar, great suffering. The only ambulances pictured (none are described) are a two-wheeled covered cart, again apparently springless but marked with the official red cross, agents of distress even greater than our own similar ones of 1861, whose "motion was intolerable and excruciating," notwithstanding that they had springs. A delightful touch of humane interest in helpless dependents is seen in the photograph of a mounted regimental medical staff, all of whose horses, one observes, are wearing the equine straw hat now common in our cities in the summer. The merciful man thus merciful to his beast may safely be trusted to care tenderly for his fellow-man.

We get nothing, except objectively, of the views of the soldiery themselves, if they have any; but Mr. Story discusses the personality of General Count Keller, killed on the firing line, where generals rarely have a place, but where his presence seemed necessary to animate his troops; the fascination of a Buddhist temple in Mukden, and of the Dai Lama presiding; Kuropatkin; the important Chinese viceroy; discipline; espionage. Nearly everything observed and not merely speculated upon is well worth reading. Finally, to the transatlantic reader there is an attractive simplicity in certain words that have fallen spontaneously from his pen which mark our writer as a North Briton. He finds "honest Scots bracken," the Narrows of Simonoseki are "the Kyles of Japan," Niu-Chwang is "a town longer than Kirkcaldy," he "climbed to a point higher than the top of Snowdon," "the coom of the coal-waggon" begrimed him, "the hills were as forbidding as those of Glencoe," a "strath" is his unstudied description of a broad valley down which the Japanese fire tore at Tashichao—so that one hardly requires to be told that "the gray metropolis of the North" held his alma mater.

Narratives of the Career of Hernando de Soto. (The Trail-Makers.) A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904, 2 volumes, 8vo, with portrait of De Soto and facsimiles of his signature.

These two little volumes are in perfect keeping with their predecessors in the important series of ancient narratives of the exploration of America, for which so much credit is due to the publishers and initiators. The fact that they are edited by Prof. Edward Gaylord Bourne of Yale University naturally adds to their value. Professor Bourne has been extremely cautious in his work. He has avoided engaging in the labyrinthine discussion of De Soto's route; and, while we can easily understand his reluctance to enter such a difficult and to a certain extent unsatisfactory field, we must regret his decision, as his views would be of particular value on many points. The same spirit of prudent restraint and (in a man of his attainments) of self-denial has kept him from substituting for the Life of De Soto by Buckingham Smith, which closes the second volume, a biography of the discoverer of the Mississippi written by *himself*. It cannot be construed as a reproach to the late Buckingham Smith if we say that the sketch written by him appears, at the present time, very much out of date, and is, for the general reader who has not at his command the means of critical investigation, not a little misleading. At the time that biographical sketch was written, documents on the subject (and on Spanish-American topics in general) were imperfectly known and much more difficult of access than to-day; hence a number of unavoidable misstatements. It is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Smith was one of the "Trail Makers" in the publication of Spanish literature, on Florida and Sonora chiefly.

The present volumes contain four ancient narratives of De Soto's ill-fated expedition, in which he reached the Mississippi at a point considerably above its mouth. He was by no means the "discoverer" of the mighty stream, as is well known, but the first white man who struck its course inland. After his death on the banks of the river, the survivors of his expedition crossed it and penetrated so far to the west that their appearance there became known to Indians from the plains, from whom Coronado gathered some confused indications about the presence of his countrymen on the western confines of the great plains. As the expeditions of De Soto and Coronado were nearly contemporary, not impossibly they might, after the former's death, have joined hands had Moscoso (who succeeded De Soto in command) been able to continue in his westward course and Coronado taken a more southerly route.

The narrative of the "Gentleman from Elvas," originally in Portuguese and presented in its English translation by Buckingham Smith, is generally regarded as reliable. Being from the pen of an eye-witness, it certainly deserves greater confidence than the next, which is the work of the Peruvian mestizo Garcilaso de la Vega. The 'Florida del Inca' is open to several objections, most of which are clearly stated by the editor. Still, it is a source, and evidently based upon oral or written statements of some eye-witness or eye-witnesses of the expedition. But Garcilaso is so inclined to color events and descriptions, as his Peruvian commentaries of the Inca show, that everything from his pen is to be taken very much *cum grano*. At least of equal importance with the "Gentleman from Elvas," if not of greater, is the third narrative, by Hernando de Biedma, given in Buckingham Smith's translation. It is shorter, and a useful check upon the two preceding sources. Lastly, we must congratulate Professor Bourne on having added the report by Rodrigo Rangel preserved by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdez in his voluminous General History. Since Oviedo incorporated it in his book, it must be of positive value and undoubted authenticity. In point of fact, the reports of Rangel and Biedma must rank higher than the "Gentleman from Elvas," for they were both earlier in time, and present, therefore, fresher recollections. Whether they are as impartial, is a different question, since both of the former were superior officials! The report of Rangel is not the only narrative of the kind preserved, almost integrally, by Oviedo, and it is pleasant to notice how that chronicler, most unjustly appreciated by Robertson and Prescott, at last begins to take the rank he deserves.

There still remains untranslated a narrative of De Soto's Journey, of which the critical value would require close investigation before presenting it as a positive source. It is very little known, and not of easy access. We refer to the purported diary contained in the 'Relaciones de todas las Cosas que en el Nuevo Mexico se han uisto y sabido ansi por Mar como por Tierra, desde el Año de 1538 hasta él de 1626,' by Father Gerónimo de Zárate Salmeron. Professor Bourne may have had his reasons for not incorporating it in his collection of documents.

We shall offer one, very insignificant, criticism. Professor Bourne states that the mother of Garcilaso de la Vega was the sister of Huayna Capac. She was his niece, the child of one of his brothers. Still, Peruvian relationships before the Conquest were confusedly known to and understood by the new-comers. Garcilaso, who makes the statement, while very positive, is himself so contradictory in regard to rules of consanguinity among the Incas that Professor Bourne may yet turn out to have been right. All that it is safe to admit is, that she was a woman from the Inca tribe of Cuzco, more or less closely related to its former head-chiefs. In conclusion, we can only hope that the "Trail Makers" may continue in the path they have so far been travelling, and that they will always find editors as competent and judicious as the one to whom the narratives of Soto's Journey have been entrusted.

Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Brander Matthews has a good right to call himself an anthologist. He has already published three anthologies, and promises a fourth, to contain poems that celebrate the beauties of New York. A collector of literature is perhaps the only unselfish member of his tribe, for the hobby of collecting is usually an egoistic, acquisitive pleasure, and the pleasure to be bestowed on the world at large rarely enters into the game; but the anthologist's enjoyment is crowned only when he shares his collection with the public. From the day when Meleager wove his 'Garland' of forty-eight Greek poets, likening each poet to a flower, and so started the fashion of anthologies of lyric poetry, down to the 'Oxford Book of Verse,' every such collector has been a benefactor to his race. In the course of his trade, he has rare opportunities. He must hunt for his specimens in the curiosity-shops of literature, and he has this advantage over other collectors that he need not turn away with a sigh from any rare bit that would be out of place in his collection; the expense is the same; the odds and ends can wait their turn; they are the by-products of collecting, and give a fresh impetus, inspiring one as often as not with the prospect of yet another anthology. When you are collecting *vers de société*, it occurs to you that the epigrams would make a separate anthology, and when you are sorting the epigrams, you realize the variety and value of the quatrain. Hence the minor anthologies, the anthologist's recreations.

The little volume before us, containing some of the by-products of Mr. Matthews's

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collecting, is a revelation of the possibilities of the art that will no doubt incite others to collecting on their own account. Not that anthology-making is a mere matter of going out hunting. There is a knack in it, and many a serious reader might range over the same manor as Mr. Matthews, but never put up the same game. In the short essay on "American Epigrams" the author has brought together a number of ingenious couplets and quatrains in which are recorded some of the chief crises of American history. The best are by Lowell, such as this, with a squint at Benjamin F. Butler:

"B——, taught by Pope to do his good by stealth.
'Twixt participle and noun no difference feeling;
In office placed to serve the Commonwealth,
Does himself all the good he can by stealing."

When Sir Frederick Bramwell was called on at a dull dinner in London, after a dozen and a half speakers, to respond to "Applied Science," he said that "at this time of night the only illustration of the toast I can think of would be the application of the domestic safety-match to the bedroom candle." Whereupon Lowell promptly handed him the following, scribbled on a card:

"O brief Sir Frederick, might the others catch
Your happy science—and supply your match!"

Less accessible than Lowell's are the epigrams of John G. Saxe, chiefly directed against feminine weaknesses:

" 'Whenever I marry,' says masculine Ann,
'I must really insist upon wedding a man.'
But what if the man (for men are but human)
Should be equally nice about wedding a woman?"

"The quatrain," says Mr. Matthews, "has never received due recognition." In the use of this form, as in the case of "American Satires in Verse," Lowell carries off the American honors; but H. C. Bunner, commonly known as a humorist, had an almost equal gift for the pathetic quatrain. To the uncollected poems of Bunner, whose early death was a real loss to American literature, one of these essays is devoted. In it Mr. Matthews collects certain "outcast" verses which their author and his executor did not think fit to include in the definitive edition of his poems. They are well worth saving, especially that *tour de force* of wilful mispronunciation entitled "Classic Journalism," which begins with the lines:

"The beautiful garland of justice awaits
The eminent poet and general Socrates,"

and ends with

"And Greek journalism has vanished beneath
The silent oblivious waters of Lethe."

The eleventh and last essay is a recreation apparently unconnected with anthologies. It is an account of a feat of conjuring performed by Robert-Houdin before Louis Philippe and his court in 1846, with an explanation by Mr. Matthews how the thing might have been done. But the anthologist who haunts the by-paths in search of rare specimens may well find himself in the company of prestidigitators when, like Mr. Matthews, he has loitered with plagiarists and gastronomists and the rest of the neglected writers to whom we are introduced in this entertaining little volume.

Industrial Organization in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By George Unwin, Sometime Scholar of Lincoln College. H. Frowde: 1904.

It is not too high praise to say of this volume that it is the most important contribution to English industrial history since Mr. and Mrs. Webb's 'History of Trade Unionism.' It deserves to stand, so far as the subject-matter of the work is concerned, along with Ashley's 'Economic History' and the now famous work of the Webbs as one of the three indispensable special histories of industrial organization in England. It is the more welcome to the student of this subject as it bridges the chronological hiatus between the works of Ashley and the Webbs, and supplies a reliable outline of the period between the Reformation and the Revolution. How little authentic information has hitherto been available upon the industrial evolution of these two centuries one may judge by comparing in Palgrave's 'Dictionary of Political Economy' the two articles upon "Gilds" and "Livery Companies," and the appended list of sources on which the two articles are based. The gild early became something of a fad with the economic historian, while between it and modern industrial organizations, whether of capitalists or employees, there was seemingly fixed a great gulf of ignorance, bridged only here and there by a speculative guess or a superficial crust of conjectural history.

Mr. Unwin begins by pointing out that there are four well-defined types of manufacturing systems: household manufacture, the household consuming its own output; handicraft manufacture, with independent craftsmen each producing a staple article and supplying a narrowly localized market; the commission system of manufacturing, where capitalist-traders supply material to craftsmen at the craftsmen's homes, and market the finished product; and lastly, manufacturing under the present factory system. Corresponding to this series of types is a constantly widening market. Mr. Unwin undertakes to show the historical process by which the second type (that of handicraft manufacture as embodied in the craft gild) was supplanted by the third type (the so-called domestic or commission system) as embodied in the so-called Livery Company. The transformation of the craft gild into the livery company was brought about by three different processes. In the fourteenth century certain closely allied crafts rose to a position of predominance over the other crafts. In the fifteenth century the trading function came to be mainly exercised by a select body within a single craft organization. In the sixteenth century, organizations which had arisen to represent the purely trading class acquired control over the craftsmen proper. Thus, in the Elizabethan century as in the century preceding, we find a bi-cameral trade organization consisting of the Livery with its Court of Assistants as a central body of control, and the Yeomanry, including the smaller masters and the journeymen, who had no prospect before them but that of remaining members of the lower house, and who were "therefore bound together by an increasing consciousness of a class interest which separated them from their employers."

The bulk of the book consists in tracing the three ways in which the transformation of the earlier craft guild was effected. The latter part of the volume is of interest as showing how the industrial corporation of the Stuart century tended to split in two through the efforts of the small masters to assert against the larger masters an independent organization having a local monopoly of trade. The efforts of the smaller masters, though supported by the Crown, were defeated by forces making for a wider internal market and for the development of the export trade. Singularly enough, it was just this class of submerged small masters, reduced, as they commonly were, to the journeyman status, who kept alive the traditions of class solidarity which culminated in the eighteenth-century trade union. As Mr. Unwin puts it, "In tracing backwards the spiritual ancestry of the organized skilled workmen of the present day, the first link is undoubtedly to be found in the small master of the seventeenth century" (p. 200).

The most interesting contribution which this work affords to current economic problems is the theory which Mr. Unwin propounds of the early industrial maturity of Great Britain and the earlier emergence of workmen's free organizations in that country. He rejects *in toto* the view to which even free-traders have sometimes yielded a cursory assent, that the protective or mercantile policy afforded the matrix for the early growth of British manufactures; and contends that it was, on the contrary, "the freedom of internal intercourse" and "the comparative absence of mercantile restrictions" which gave the early impetus to manufacturing industry. As to trades unions he says:

"The passing of the Combination Acts and the early prosecution of trade unionists should not blind us to the fact that it was the comparative freedom of England in the eighteenth century which alone made the combination of wage-earners possible. At the very moment when the workers of England were laying the foundations of a free organization . . . the Governments of France and Prussia were putting a veto on any such spontaneous popular development, by transferring these same institutions into the hands of the police, and utilizing them as a part of the machinery of a more or less benevolent despotism" (p. 227).

The only adverse criticism to be passed on the volume is that the very extensive use of the comparative historical method oftens mars the narration by obscuring under a mass of detail the objective point. If the illustrations of analogous processes of industrial evolution drawn from Continental history had been heroically depressed into footnotes, however bulky, it would be much easier to follow the expository clue. The make-up of the volume is far below the deserts of the subject-matter. It is to be hoped that a later edition may present us the uninterrupted description of the transformation of English craft guilds into Livery companies, with foreign analogues set more in the background. It requires a resolute perusal if the student of the present volume is not to get bogged occasionally in the adventitious illustrative material.

An Introduction to the Theory of Optics. By Prof. Arthur Schuster. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1904.

As the title imports, this text-book, by a physicist of fairly high standing, relates, not to light in general, but only to the *theory*. The student is supposed to be acquainted already with the phenomena of light, so far as they are described in college books of general physics or "natural philosophy." Nor is this a regular *treatise*

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on the theory of light, but only an *introduction* to that theory of a peculiar sort. The first two-thirds of the volume are elementary; that is, they explain only polarization, interference, diffraction, the theory of optical instruments, and the peculiarities of the different crystalline media—phenomena that result simply from light's consisting of transverse vibrations. The remaining third of the book contains the deeper theory of light, and is written on a novel plan, the idea being to direct students to the original memoirs without repeating their contents, unless Dr. Schuster has some simplification or amplification of the matter of a memoir to bring forward. This spoils the book as a work of reference, but we think that all good physicists will highly approve of thus forcing upon students the habit of reading original memoirs.

There is another feature that cannot pass unnoticed. Probably a large part of our readers are aware that of late years there has been among physicists a split of no ordinary kind. How many approved writers, metaphysical analysts of high pretensions, have explained to us that there necessarily is a science of physics whose essence consist in its assumption that matter moves according to the principle of inertia, which Hoefding, for example (than whom no philosopher, perhaps, is more in vogue just now), calls, in his 'Outlines of Psychology,' "the fundamental assumption with which natural science comes into existence." Yet at this moment a growing moiety of the world of physics assumes this law to be only approximately true, and even that only for velocities not too great. The physicists of the nineteenth century took for the sole aim of their hypotheses the explanation of phenomena as special cases under the general laws of dynamics. The new school, however, proposes to explain dynamics as a special case under the general laws of electricity. The peculiarity of Schuster's position is that he wishes to treat the matter as a party question, and says that the new opinion must be "strenuously resisted." Such language will tend to make us all hope the new doctrine may turn out true, as scientific propositions that excited "strenuous resistance" usually have turned out in the past. We note, by the way, that Schuster seems to regard the fact that Kirchhoff (in 1857) remarked that the velocity of electricity was about that of light, as in some measure detracting from the merits of Maxwell. Why, then, does he not mention that the electromagnetic theory of light was originally propounded by Faraday in 1846?

The Book of the Iris. By R. Irwin Lynch. (Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Vol. XXI.) John Lane. 1904.

This is a book by a cultivator for cultivators. The author is the curator of the Cambridge (England) Botanic Garden. He deals with his subject in a practical manner worthy of high praise. Of course, his directions as to the management of this attractive group of plants are designed primarily for amateurs in Great Britain, and, within the limits of those islands, will be found wholly safe and useful. The directions have also a good degree of applicability to these plants under cultivation in all temperate exposures, and hence can be regarded as trustworthy even in our own climate. Mr. Lynch has arranged the species of this interesting genus in a way to satisfy every purpose of the cultivator.

One of the groups of the more capricious species was entrusted to another hand (now, alas, a vanished hand). This chapter, by the late Rev. Henry Ewbank, formerly Vicar of St. John's, Ryde, Isle of Wight, is full of pleasant reading. Everybody knows with what enthusiasm English clergymen ride their hobbies, taking in them the same keen interest that their hunting parishioners have in the chase. Roses and all sorts of wayward plants have had their devoted clerical friends who have tried to win them from provoking ways, sometimes by coaxing, and more often by heroic measures hardly ventured on by the layman. The Irises known as the Onocyclus class stand rather by themselves in their extreme whims, but the Vicar seems to have induced them to be uncommonly responsive to his skilful management.

Our common blue-flag, and its kindred, delight in the wettest places they can plant their seeds and roots in. They have gone far away in their predilections from their cousins in the same order. These latter are true Xerophytes, plants of dry soil. They have well-marked devices for making the most of what water they can extract from arid ground. Many of them have vertical leaves, obviously an adaptation that greatly reduces the demand for water, which all plants lose by evaporation. Curiously, the species of Iris have retained this ancestral method of checking evaporation, although it is plain that they no longer need it in their chosen marshy homes. The sabre-like leaves of Iris are folded in such a way that they have received the name equitant: near their bases they appear to ride astride, but nearer the top each leaf forms a veritable scimitar. From a cluster of these vertical swords there arise flower-stalks bearing blossoms of great beauty. Three of the divisions in the circles of protection stand as flaring banners, while, between these, three others droop gracefully in irregular and filmy folds, which sway in the lightest breeze. These often have striking contrasts of color, in spots or stripes, and cannot fail to catch the eye of even the most careless passer-by. The colors have been called nectar-spots and nectar-guides, and are interpreted as meaning to every welcome insect that here is plenty of nectar to be had. Allured by this attraction the insect visits the blossom, finding a convenient resting-place, while the head goes down along the nectar-guides into the flower, in search of the promised nectar. There it secures it, and, when the head is withdrawn, there is brought out upon the back of it a small amount of pollen from the anthers which were just behind. Now, flying away to flower number two, the same quest is made, but with this difference: the head just dusted with pollen is thrust down as before, but, in the early part of its descent, it comes in contact with a tiny shelf on which some of the pollen is taken off. This upper part of the sticky shelf is the stigma, the organ receptive of pollen, and from which the pollen tubes can grow down to the ovules, and thus secure the impregnation which brings about the ripening of them into seeds. This is obviously a very good way to prevent the self-impregnation of the blossom, for the stigma cannot be touched by the pollen which lies underneath, except by insect intervention; and this is practically put out of the question by the arrangement of the parts. Although an insect *could* stop on its way out of a blossom after it had taken the sought-for nectar and clumsily turn around on the summit of the stigma and there place some pollen on the sticky surface, he never does any such thing. He deposits the pollen on his way in. It is, therefore, one of the charms which attach to this beautiful alliance of plants to watch the insects in their busy straight-away work.

The genus Iris possesses another charm which cultivators have not been slow in finding out, namely, that, well-used to grow in swamps, it can also patiently adapt itself to the drier places in the garden. Irises are, therefore, capable of wide employment as decorative elements in landscape gardening on the grand as well as on the small scale. Mr. Lynch's book will be of utility to all who wish to use them in this way. It will also be a pleasant companion for that increasing number of sensible people who are cultivating a few plants around which historical and literary associations cling. Among such plants the Iris (the Fleur-de-lis) holds a prominent place.

Eighteenth-Century Essays on Shakspere. By D. Nichol Smith. Macmillan.

Of the nine essays in this volume, five are the prefaces to the chief editions of Shakspere, and all but two (Dennis's, 'On the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare,' and Morgann's, 'Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff') are still fairly accessible in the various editions of Malone's Variorum. It is well, however, to reprint all of these, and to give us Rowe's 'Account of Shakspere's Life' unmutilated. The introduction and notes are accurate and scholarly, but the book is disappointing to one who had hoped to find in it some discussion of the tendency and value of the numerous minor essays, as well as some sort of selection from them.

Mr. Smith does, indeed, mention familiarly over thirty essays by nearly as many authors, but, with very few exceptions, (*e. g.*, Mrs. Montagu's 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspere'), he gives us no estimate of their value, either intrinsic or as illustrating the critical attitude of the century. He has, in short, picked out only those essays which are of most critical value even to this century. Unfortunately, one needs only a little knowledge of the minor writers of a generation to realize that an acquaintance with merely the great names does not give a fair basis for comparison and inference; a study based on the bigger men alone inevitably ignores significant and important substrata of ideas and habits of expression.

Some of the essays which Mr. Smith mentions without estimate or citation have familiar titles, but nearly, if not all of them, are practically inaccessible to the general reader. It would be of great value to have a companion volume which should contain such further reprints as bulk would allow, accompanied by a full bibliographical account of all eighteenth-century essays bearing on the subject. For essays not reprinted in full, this bibliography should

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also give summaries of their contents, and the editor's estimate of their relative importance. The following essays are not even mentioned by Mr. Smith: F. Peck: 'New Memoirs of the Life . . . of Mr. John Milton,' 1740. (Has explanatory and critical notes on Shakspere's plays.) K. P.: 'Shakespear,' 1774. W. Kenrick, D. D.: 'Introduction to the School of Shakespeare,' 1774? Mrs. E. Griffith: 'The Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated,' 1775 and 1777. T. Davies: 'Dramatic Miscellanies etc.' 1784. J. M. Mason: 'Comments on the Last Edition of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1785. M. Sherlock: 'A Fragment on Shakespeare, extracted from Advice to a Young Poet,' 1786. Joseph Ritson: 'The Quip Modest,' 1788, and 'Cursory Criticisms on E. Malone's Edition,' 1792. J. Hurdis: 'Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1792. W. Whiter: 'A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare,' 1794.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. The Personality of God. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net.
Adams, Oscar Fay. A Dictionary of American Authors. New ed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Acworth, W. M. The Elements of Railway Economies. Henry Frowde.
Allen, Gardner. Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Allsop, F. C. Practical Electric-Light Fitting. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Bräunlich, Herman. Columbus: A Play. Herman Bräunlich & Co.
Brinton, Selwyn. The Eighteenth-Century English Caricature. Scribners. $1 net.
Byram, William M. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Carlyle's French Revolution. Edited by John H. Rose. New ed. 3 vols. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net per volume.
Cellini's Autobiography. Translated by Thomas Roscoe. (Caxton Thin Paper Ed.) Scribners. $1.25 net.
Coleridge's Selected Poems. The Belles-Lettres Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
D'Arblay's (Madame) Diary and Letters. Edited by Austin Dobson. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Davidson, John. The Ballad of a Nun. John Lane.
Dawson, W. J. The Evangelistic Note. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.75.
Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago. Ten vols. University of Chicago Press.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. XII. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Ellis, Robinson. Catullus in the XIVth Century. Henry Frowe.
Ely, Helena Rutherford. Another Hardy Garden Book. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Finerty, John F. Ireland. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.
Fuller, Robert H. The Golden Hope. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Glyn, Elinor. The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. Harpers. $1.50.
Grafton, Charles C. Christian and Catholic. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Harper, William Rainey. Trend in Higher Education. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Harvey, Charles H. The Biology of British Politics. Scribners. $1.
Hawthorne Centenary Celebration. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Hepner, Adolf. Amerika's Hilfe an Deutschland, 1870-1871. St. Louis.
Javal, Dr. Emile. On Becoming Blind. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Jonson, Ben. Poetaster. Edited by Herbert S. Mallory. Yale Studies in English. New Haven.
Khan, Hadji, and Wilfrid Sparroy. With the Pilgrims to Mecca. John Lane. $3.50 net.
Kittredge, George Lyman. The Old Farmer and his Almanack. Boston: William Ware & Co.
Legends and Tales. Compiled by Isabel E. Cohen. Jewish Pub. Society of America.
List, Friedrich. The National System of Political Economy. Longmans. $2 net.
Mathews, Frances Aymar. Billy Duane. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Michael Angelo's Sonnets. Translated by John A. Symonds. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Nicholson, J. S. The History of English Corn Laws. Scribners. $1.
Opal, The. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Papers of Captain Rufus Lincoln. Edited by James M. Lincoln. Privately Printed.
Parker, Joseph. The Epistles to the Ephesians. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.
Philosophy. Vol. I. University of California.
Robertson, Morgan. Down to the Sea. Harpers. $1.25.
Robinson, Rowland E. Out of Bondage. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Sandars, Mary F. Honoré de Balzac, his Life and Writings. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.
Sandy, W. Outlines of the Life of Christ. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Schubring, Paul. Luca della Robbia und seine Familie. Lemcke & Buechner.
Sturgis, Howard Overing. Belchamber. Putnams. $1.50.
Views of Early New York. Prepared for the New York Chapter of the Colonial Order of the Acorn.
Villiers, Frederic. Port Arthur. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Wack, Henry Wellington. The Story of the Congo Free State. Putnams. $3.50.
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Westcott, F. N. The Church and the Good Samaritan. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Whibley, Leonard. A Companion to Greek Studies. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Whitaker, Herman. The Probationer. Harpers. $1.25.
Wigmore, John Henry. Evidence in Trials at Common Law. Vol. IV. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Wise, John S. The Lion's Skin. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Workman, William Hunter, and Fanny B. Through Town and Jungle. Scribners. $4.50 net.
Yoes, John W. Jack Brainard. Boston: Eastern Pub. Co.

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